

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

SKETCHES ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC.

On the sixth day after our departure from Danzig, at six o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves in the road of Cronstadt, and laid to close by the guard ship. But a short time elapsed before the custom-house officers arrived in their boat, and commenced their first official and commercial investigations, not however until they had somewhat eagerly looked round for breakfast, and the captain had set before them bread and butter, rich cheese and Danzig brandy, the alpha and omega of a Russian stomach. On this occasion also my box of good cigars, which glided down into the pockets of the Russian uniforms with wonderful facility, became the prey of those privileged pirates, and not a legal prey, since the introduction of these luxuries was permitted. Every hole and cranny of the ship was now closed and daubed with seals, which were not to be removed until after its arrival at St. Petersburg; and a ludicrous scene occurred, which appears scarcely credible, but is nevertheless true. My trunks and chests, namely, shared the fate of every thing else and were sealed up. I had with me two dogs, a large wolf hound and a little terrier; dogs imported into Russia are looked upon as merchandise, and charged with a duty of three silver rubles apiece. A disputation arose between the officials how these live goods were to be subjected to the sealing process; one "learned Theban" proposed to shut them up in the to-be-sealed hold of the vessel, whence I should have recovered their starved bodies after a lapse of eight days, — for that is the period during which the Russian custom-house proceedings are continued before any thing can be set free. This proposal I therefore combated most energetically. But since in Russia every thing is done "according to form," and this form may not be departed from, they at last impressed the custom-house seal of His Imperial Majesty upon the collars of the two dogs, and gave them back to me with the injunction to present them at the custom-house in Cronstadt, and with the warning not in any way to injure the seal; this was a hard task for a friend of the canine race like me, since it is notorious that in warm weather dogs are in the habit of scratching their necks with their hind-paws, and just there was enthroned the inviolable imperial eagle, which I was to protect from scratching. It was a task which demanded my unremitting watchfulness, and the emblem of Russia has seldom had a more anxious protector

than myself. But it is forbidden to bring dogs into any government office; and in complying with all the custom-house and passport regulations, one is hunted about, "according to form," for a whole day; — for one has to find one's way to eight different offices in different parts of the town, — without being permitted to enter a private house or to lay aside any part of one's dress. I appeared accordingly everywhere with my fourfooted companions; as I entered each office they began to drive out my poor curs, but relying upon my rights I pointed to the seals upon the collars, and like the Chinese before the idols, the officials immediately bowed to the living merchandise; it was not, however, very clear whether this token of reverence was intended for the dogs or for the eagle on the seals.

Our voyage from Danzig to Cronstadt, accomplished in six days, had been tolerably prosperous, and we anchored immediately in front of the well-filled harbor; the captain could not enter, as he was to proceed up the stream to St. Petersburg. From eight o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, eleven whole hours, I was systematically hunted from one office to another, and during this time I was not permitted to refresh my body, exhausted by the heat of the summer sun, with meat or drink for even a single moment; the reader must excuse me from giving a description of my sufferings; the recollection, even now, destroys my equanimity. The result of interminable writings and questionings was, that my baggage was conveyed from the ship into the store rooms of the Custom-house, and that I and my dogs, after payment of six silver rubles duty on them, were dismissed.

Previous negotiations had procured for me from the Minister of Commerce the special indulgence of being permitted to import all my effects into Russia free of duty. But I well knew how long the examination of fourteen large chests, — for I was taking with me all my furniture and household apparatus, — might be made to last in the custom-house of Cronstadt, which is celebrated for its impositions; nay that weeks might pass over before it was completed. The petition that my effects might be permitted to proceed to Reval, the place of my future residence, under seal, and there be examined, was refused by the chief of the "publicans and Pharisees," for thus the Cronstadt officials could have levied no contributions. My resolution

was quickly taken, and as quickly carried into effect. On the morning of the third day of my stay in Cronstadt I went on board a steamboat, arrived at twelve o'clock at St. Petersburg, obtained before two the accomplishment of my wishes, dined at four, visited an old acquaintance, left St. Petersburg at five, and was quietly drinking my tea at Cronstadt by eight in the evening.

I had not seen St. Petersburg for three years; years in which the magnificent city had received so many embellishments; and yet I contented myself with visiting it for only five hours, with bestowing one glance upon the huge church of St. Isaac, that wonder of the world; a second, in passing, upon the recently erected Leuchtenberg Palace, and a third upon the new edition of the former winter palace, which had been destroyed by fire. I then quietly departed, and may, I think, consider myself a match for that Englishman who came from London, ascended the Neva in his boat as far as "the Summer garden," inspected the gilded trelliswork of the gate, and then coolly returned to London.

That which ten years before, at the age of twenty-eight, and acquainted only with the smiling side of life, I had beheld with delight and without investigation, had now assumed a different coloring. My last residence in Russia cured me for ever of the excessive admiration with which for years I had regarded the colossus of the East. My former mania may be accounted for by the fact that I was then living in St. Petersburg, where every thing is presented to the eye clothed in great, even if be but borrowed, splendor; but during my last stay in the provinces, far from the controlling supervision of the vigorous emperor, I was filled with unutterable disgust for the whole system of administration, which is totally destitute of all justice or morality.

The greater part of the officials are in the receipt of such ridiculously small salaries, that they are actually driven to resort to extortion and imposition. At Cronstadt I was obliged to pay three rubles for a passport for my six hours' journey to St. Petersburg, although I knew that the legal fee is only one ruble; but I was not disposed to run backwards and forwards and make complaints, in order to save two rubles. The most disagreeable circumstance for the public, and especially for foreigners, is that the police officers, with whom in Russia one is perpetually coming into contact, receive such trifling salaries, that, if they do not choose to starve, they are compelled to exercise their official power for purposes of extortion in the most vexatious and sometimes the most dangerous manner. I will only give one example, with

which I am well acquainted. A district-inspector at Reval, who lodged in the same house with myself, received a yearly salary of four hundred bank-rubles (about \$90). On this he was expected to dress well; his wife had to appear at the balls in fashionable attire; a lodging of four rooms was indispensable, and in order to be able to discharge his innumerable daily duties, he was obliged to keep a horse and carriage. In the morning he recruited his strength with at least one bottle of wine at the tavern, and in the evening he refreshed himself with a rubber of whist at his club; his household consisted of a cook, a nursery maid, and a coachman. In order to defray all these expenses four hundred rubles are not sufficient, nor even ten times that sum. All Russian officials are prohibited under the penalty of dismissal from running into debt, and therefore the deficiency must be extorted from the public. My fellow lodger in conversing on this subject, did not scruple in the slightest degree to say to me: "you see that the government compels us to become rascals." Let us not then condemn and abuse these poor devils, who are forced to save themselves from starvation by dishonesty. The evil would, I think, be soon remedied if Providence could be induced to make the Emperor of Russia for a twelve-month an Inspector of police, with four hundred rubles per annum, and to enjoin him to support a wife and family upon this salary and to remain an honest man. I believe that in the next year the salaries would be raised, or else — things would remain as they are.

But even those who are in the employment of private individuals do not form an exception to this system of extortion; it seems as if the plague were infectious. In St. Petersburg I went to the office of Mr. Baird, an English merchant, who in the course of five and twenty years has become the proprietor of several millions, for the purpose of taking a place in the steamboat to Reval, the price of which was six silver rubles. The clerk declared that all the places for the next passage were already engaged, but his colleague, who sat behind him, and who may have been moved by my disappointed looks, made a pantomimic gesture which I understood, and I gave the seller of places to understand that I was willing to pay more than the real fare, if I could only obtain a place. With the coolest assurance he now produced at least half a dozen tickets and remarked, that for ten instead of six rubles he would accommodate me. I pretended to be very glad, and began to count out the money, but pocketed in the meanwhile the ticket with my left hand, and at the sixth ruble stopped counting. The clerk demanded the remainder, instead of which I launched at him several

cheats, rascals, and other honorable appellations, and threatened to inform Mr. Baird of his dishonesty. He swore at me, and I went off with my ticket.

In order to travel from one Russian government (province) to another a new passport is each time required, which costs three rubles. During three days, on each of which I was several times in attendance in the antichamber of the Governor of Cronstadt, I always received from the chief clerk of the passport office, a man with a French name who spent his time in picking his teeth, the stereotype reply, that "His Excellency the Governor was *gulating*; I must call again;" *gulating* means in Russia walking, riding, or driving, for amusement. An hour before the departure of the steamer, I was compelled, if I would not delay my voyage for a week, to swallow the bitter pill, and to pay Monsieur clerk six rubles instead of three, by which in five minutes, although the Governor was again *gulating*, I obtained his signature to my passport. As these extortions are practised

quite openly, it is to be presumed that they are sanctioned by the superior officers, and that complaints would only lead to new impositions. If a stranger therefore wish to enter Russia, to pass through it, and to leave it again, let him remember the golden rule, "submit, hold your tongue, and pay."

On Friday, one of the earliest days of June, I sailed from Cronstadt in the steamboat *Darja*, and on the following afternoon, after a passage of eight and twenty hours, reached the harbor of Reval. I was just in time to keep Whitsuntide a second time, having already celebrated that festival a fortnight before at Danzig, according to new style. I remembered, however, that eleven years before I on the other hand lost this festival on sailing from Nauplia in Greece to Ancona in Italy. In Greece, which also reckons by old style, Whitsunday had not yet appeared, and upon my arrival in Italy it had according to new style long passed. Now therefore I had once more my right number of Whitsundays. — *Das Ausland*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. CHALMERS.

THOMAS CHALMERS is no more — is become a thing of remembrance and history! A hundred pens have already leaped into a hundred ink bottles, to celebrate the mighty Christian apostle and champion; let one be taken up to set forth the man as he was, morally and intellectually. His nature was so rich and so thoroughly noble, as to carry every thing before it, even where there was no strong sympathy with the peculiar views and objects that principally occupied him; no man could know him without loving him. The peculiarity of character in which lay his power of attaching the hearts, and commanding the wills, of other men, was independent of his particular speculative opinions. If he had never adopted those convictions upon the subject of religion which inspired all the latter part of his career, but had continued to hold to the end of his life the creed with which he began it, his faculties might have missed the most favorable field for their exercise, and he would probably have made much less noise, and exerted a much less extensive influence, in the world. But he would not have been less the delight of a narrower circle, nor would he have wielded an ascendancy less marked over the few than he has done over the many. His ardent temperament, however, would certainly have driven him into the positive and the practical in some other di-

rection, for his soul was as little fitted to find either sustenance or rest in the region of mere negation and indifference as that of any man who ever breathed.

Chalmers's original passion was Science. He seems to have imbibed this taste at the University of St. Andrew's, where a strong mathematical spirit slumbered, and from time to time awoke, ever since it was first breathed into the place by James Gregory. That great man — the greatest of a gifted race, the friend of Newton, and the inventor of the reflecting telescope — was appointed, in 1668, to the newly established mathematical professorship there. He held it for about six years, and was then transferred to Edinburgh, where, about a year afterwards, he was suddenly struck blind while viewing the satellites of Jupiter, and was carried off at the age of thirty-seven. His immediate successor at St. Andrew's was, we believe, Professor Sanders, who seems also to have been a person of rare merit. In a publication of his on geometry, there are said to be anticipations of some views which have been revived with general acceptance in recent times. By and by, in 1707, the chair was given to another Gregory — Charles, nephew of James — who occupied it till 1739, when he was succeeded by his son David, who continued professor till his death in 1763.

duties and habits of a Scottish clergyman appeared to be incompatible with any proper cultivation of the mathematical sciences. The fact upon which he principally rested in support of this conclusion was, that the whole Church of Scotland at that moment afforded but one example (Dr. Small, of Dundee) of a man known to the public as the author even of a single memoir in any of these sciences. "From whence can this proceed, my lord," asked Playfair, "but from a certain degree of inconsistency between those sciences and the studies to which clergymen are naturally led by their profession?" Taking fire at what he regarded as a denunciation of himself and his whole order, Chalmers forthwith hurled back his indignant protest in a pamphlet of some fifty pages, bearing the title of *Observations on a Passage in Mr. Playfair's Letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh relative to the Mathematical Pretensions of the Scottish Clergy*. Cupar-Fife: Printed and sold by R. Tullis. 1805. This first of Chalmers's many publications has never been reprinted, and has long been extremely rare; but it is, in all respects, one of his most characteristic performances, expressing the man to the life, both as he then was and as he always continued essentially to be, notwithstanding much aftergrowth and development both of his moral and of his intellectual nature. At this time, it is to be remembered, he was a young man of only five-and-twenty, fresh from college, and with all his views and habits of thought rather those of the solitary student than of one much conversant with the world. But although his faculties were still comparatively both unexercised and unfurnished, and his mental constitution altogether in a very crude and imperfect state, we have here in this early pamphlet all the elements of what he afterwards became. The very style, though juvenile and fleshy, is radically the same with that of his maturer years. It has the same ring and the same outward fashion, though it came afterwards to acquire far more both of force and character. The *Observations*, however, are especially curious for the evidence which they afford of the as yet unawakened state of his mind upon the great subject which was chiefly to occupy him throughout nearly all the subsequent portion of his life:—

"The author of this pamphlet," Chalmers here writes, with the honesty and intrepidity which were part of his being,—"the author of this pamphlet can assert, from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure, for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage. In as far, then, as

the command of time is concerned, it will be difficult to find a situation in the country more favourable to the free and uninterrupted exercises of the understanding. Mr. Playfair may smile contempt when I say that a clergyman is more favourably situated for the successful prosecution of the mathematics than a mathematical professor. For one half of the year the professor has three different classes to attend to, and we apprehend that the fatigues and the preparations of teaching will be found to leave little time and less energy for those higher exercises of his mind which are to add to the stock of his information, and to raise him above the level of his present acquirements. A minister has five days in the week for his own free and independent exertions."

And then he expatiates for a couple of pages more upon the "almost no consumption of intellectual effort" which there is in the peculiar employments of a parish minister.

Twenty years after this we chanced to be present in the General Assembly, at the close of a warm and protracted debate, in which Dr. Chalmers, then in the height of his celebrity and influence as the great pulpit orator of the day, had taken a distinguished part, when a member on the opposite side of the house took occasion to twit him in coarse terms with the change his sentiments had undergone since the commencement of his preaching and pamphleteering career, when he had announced his creed upon the subject of clerical duty in the terms quoted above—amounting, in effect, to a declaration that a clergyman had nothing to do except to write his sermon on the Saturday and deliver it on the Sunday. We will avail ourselves of an account which we gave of this scene, no matter where, when our recollection of it was fresh:—

"The unmannerly and unfeeling attack was received by the crowded house and overflowing galleries to whom it was addressed with a general murmur of indignation; and every eye was instantly turned upon its object, who sat with unmoved countenance until his opponent had concluded his harangue. As soon as it was finished he rose: and, for a few moments, the silence of intense expectation suspended the gazing audience. Dr. Chalmers, we should remark, is not eminent as an extemporaneous speaker; the ornate and antithetic style of his oratory forbids a fluency, which is only compatible with a less ambitious diction: and all his more brilliant addresses accordingly are prepared with great care and elaboration. On this occasion, therefore, we dare say some of his friends, considering the extreme delicacy of his position, and how suddenly and unexpectedly he had been attacked, awaited his coming defence with some apprehension. But never shall we forget the instant and overwhelming triumph of that reply. He acknowledged, in the amplest terms, the jus-

The successor of David Gregory was a Professor Vilant, who was much more, however, of a professor than a performer; he nominally occupied the chair for nearly half a century, but discharged its duties for the greater part of that time upon the representative principle, and used to be remembered for nothing except the long succession of assistants, or temporary substitutes, themselves for the most part forgotten even in name, who taught the class for session after session, while he confined himself to the easier and pleasanter part of the business — pocketing the fees and the salary. He clung, indeed, to his clandestine, ineffective existence, till Chalmers himself grew to be qualified to teach the mathematical class, and did teach it for a session or two. Nor would he be Vilant's last assistant; for the term of his service befell about 1801, and the obstinate old sinecurist survived till 1807. Meanwhile Chalmers had exchanged his office of mathematical teacher at St. Andrew's, which afforded him employment for only six months of the year, for that of assistant, or as in England it would be called, curate, to the minister of the parish of Cavers, in Roxburghshire. But this charge he held only for a very short time. In 1803 he was brought back to his native county of Fife, and to the near neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, being appointed to the rural living of Kilmany, on the presentation of the Masters of the United College, one of whom, Dr. Adamson, the Professor of Civil History, was, we believe, his near relation. He was at this time about three-and-twenty.

He did not yet think it necessary, however, in his new position to relinquish his old studies and pursuits. It was after he became minister of Kilmany that he reappeared at St. Andrew's as a lecturer on Chemistry. He must, we suppose, have been, like Bishop Watson, self-taught in this branch. Botany, conchology, and other departments of natural science, are also said to have come in at this date for their share of his attention. But while he gratified his curiosity and amused his leisure with these lighter studies, it was to Mathematics, as the queen of the sciences, and to the noblest of its conquests, Astronomy, that he continued chiefly to devote himself. It was a question connected with the interests of mathematical science that prompted his first resort to the press, and that first made the public generally aware of his existence.

Even in Scotland, we fear, that the great Leslie case, which, in the year 1805, made the land ring for many months from side to side, has to a new generation faded into a very dim and vague tradition. A vacancy having happened in the chair of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, after a crowd of candidates (among

whom Chalmers himself was one), had come forward in the first instance, two were selected and pitted against each other by opposite factions, — Dr. Macknight, one of the ministers of the city, by the clergy; Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Leslie, by those whom, for brevity's sake, we may designate the philosophers. The appointment lay with the magistrates of the city, but the Presbytery of Edinburgh (or ecclesiastical court, composed of the clergy of the city and neighbourhood) claimed what they called the right of *avisandum*, equivalent in effect to a *veto* upon the nomination, only that it was not absolute, but required to be supported by at least some show of reasonable objection. The objection which they started to the appointment of Leslie was that, in a note to his late work on *Heat*, he had praised David Hume's doctrine of Causation, which showed, they said, that he must be either a deist or an atheist. Leslie and his friends, on their side, protested obstreperously that he was neither the one nor the other. We believe that even in the church the opposition was generally regarded as unfair; that the strong feeling upon the subject was chiefly confined to the clergy of Edinburgh and the neighbourhood; and that the impression among their brethren throughout the country, who had not the same personal interest in the matter, was, that, whatever might be Mr. Leslie's errors upon the general question, in this particular case of cause and effect the misstatement was with the other party, the real cause or motive of the attempt to keep him out being pretty evidently something considerably different from the one professed. This would seem to be shown by the final result of the contest in the church courts, when, after having been victorious first in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and then in the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, the opponents of Leslie's election were defeated in the supreme court of the General Assembly by a majority of ninety-six votes to eighty-four. This was in the end of May. It was now that Chalmers came forward. Among the publications which the controversy had called forth, the most remarkable was a pamphlet by Dugald Stewart, entitled, *A Short Statement of some Important Facts, &c.*, in which the proceedings of the clerical party were attacked with extraordinary vehemence and bitterness, and in which was also printed a Letter in the same strain, which had been addressed to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh by Professor Playfair. Playfair, who had himself, by the by, been originally a country clergyman, here argued that, as there are some studies which unite readily, and mutually assist one another, so there are some that do not readily accord, and are not easily pursued, at the same time; and that the

little or no positive or distinct infidelity; few people, indeed, thought enough upon the subject to be in any danger of falling into that; all the decencies of religious observance were as well maintained, though, perhaps, with less of parade and ostentation, as they are now. Nor are we aware of any grounds there are for supposing that the morality of the country was in any essential point or upon the whole, lower in those days than it is at present. It is probable that something of outward indecorum may have been repressed, under the ascendancy of the new system of stricter requirement and more vigilant and interfering inspection; but, on the other hand, we should apprehend that since religion has become so active, aggressive, and all-pervading a force, there must inevitably have sprung up and become diffused throughout the community much more of violence, bitterness, and dissension, of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; and that there is also to be met with a good deal more than there used to be, both of the hypocritical affectation of religion on the one hand, and of open disregard of it on the other: so that, as we have said, it may, perhaps, be fairly questioned whether, at least in so far as this world is concerned, the change that has taken place has operated upon the whole as a gain or a loss. The effect, however, of this revival of the puritanic spirit (for it is nothing else) has been to place the clergy in an entirely new position, to give them new occupations and duties, and a new character. They are now, one and all literally and emphatically what may be called a working clergy; employed, not on Sundays only, but from morning to evening in every day of the week, and throughout every week of the year, exclusively in the routine labors of their profession. It matters little whether a clergyman be located in a great town or in the most thinly peopled country village; in either case he is expected to give up all his time to preaching, catechizing, visiting the sick, prayer-meetings, missionary-meetings, and fifty other similar demands upon him. He has no leisure; the rule is, that he shall have no leisure. In this respect, to be sure, the fate that has overtaken the clergy is only the same that has fallen upon every other order of men in the country, — upon the medical profession, upon the profession of the law, upon ministers of state, upon members of the legislature; all over-worked — driven on, every individual, as by the force of a hurricane, which leaves him no faculty of deliberate thought, often not even the time to go through the business in hand, except in the most perfunctory and inefficient manner. It is a short-sighted and altogether miserable system, which must, ere long, unless it be checked, prove fatal to the best in-

terests of the country. It is not for our manufacturing population alone that a Short-time law is required; such a modification in our habits and arrangements as would answer the same purpose is wanted wherever there are hands, and still more wherever there are heads, at work.

But to return to the circumstances of the Scottish clergy in Chalmers's early days. They were divided into two great parties, — the Moderates and the Highfliers, or Wildmen. In some respects this division was analogous to that of the High and Low Church parties in the English Establishment; in other respects not. The Moderates held no principle corresponding to that of the Apostolical Succession, no *jus divinum* of Presbytery; the nearest approach which they made to any thing of this kind was in their tendency to exalt the claims of the Church, simply on the ground of its being one of the institutions of the State. The Church, too, in their notion, was apt to be understood as meaning specially the clergy, without much, if any, reference to the people. But their main distinction was what their name implied, — the comparative moderation of their theology. Their Christianity was principally a system of ethics. The distinctive doctrines of revelation were not denied, but they were little insisted upon. At the best they were kept in reserve for rare emergencies. The sermons of the moderate clergy did not usually contain much more than might have been delivered by Socrates, or any other respectable heathen. Naturally enough, such preaching was rarely or never very popular; the people, even where they did not care very much about the doctrines which were kept in the back ground, felt that this mere Pagan morality, though good enough so far as it went, was only a portion of what they had a right to have preached to them. There was an obscure, but uncomfortable sense of being cheated. The clergy of the other party, accordingly (the Highfliers), were universally the favorite preachers. What was understood by their high-flying was the prominence with which they brought forward those peculiar doctrines of the Gospel which were so sparingly introduced by their opponents. They were, in fact, the Evangelical party in the Scottish Church. At the date, however, to which we now refer, this party stood as low as possible in all respects, except in a certain degree of favor which it enjoyed with the multitude. In point of numbers, the Highfliers, probably, did not amount to more than a third or fourth part of the clergy, and included scarcely any distinguished either for scholarship or superior ability of any kind. The two or three exceptions were certain members of the party, who were principally known by the figure they made in the Church courts as polit-

tice of the rebuke that had been administered to him, and expressed his joy that the hour had come when an opportunity was given him of thus publicly confessing how wrong — how outrageously wrong — had been the estimate he had formed, in those bygone days, of the littleness of time and the magnitude of eternity. It was humbly, yet proudly spoken; for the speaker felt, while the words fell from his lips, that he was acquitting himself nobly, and lifting himself to an immeasurable height, even while thus assuming the tone and attitude of sorrow and self-condemnation, above his humiliated assailant. We never witnessed any effect of eloquence like that produced by those few solemn sentences, thus firmly and dignifiedly pronounced, in circumstances that would have covered most men with abashment and confusion. They were followed by an universal storm of applause, in the midst of which the ashamed and mortified blunderer, whose vulgar abuse had been so manfully encountered and so splendidly repelled, endeavoured in vain to make himself heard, even in apology for his luckless onset. His voice, repeatedly raised, was as often drowned in an outcry of aversion and disgust."

Let it not be supposed, however, that even in those early, and, as many would call them, careless days, — those days, at least, of easy-mindedness and non-excitement upon the subject of religion, — Chalmers ever was either an infidel or a sceptic. He was incapable, then as at any other time, of professing a faith which he did not hold, much more of earning an income by any such false and base profession. Besides, to Christianity, or what he believed to be Christianity, he was attached by all the habits of his life and by every strong tendency of his nature. The son of pious parents, he had been brought up in the regular practice of the duties and observances of religion; all the oldest recollections and deepest feelings of his heart were steeped in that light; nor did the beauties and sublimities of the Christian system recommend themselves less to his peculiar intellectual than to his moral tastes: with all his philosophy, that was still the field where his ardent and impassioned imagination found its highest excitement, and its amplest space for exercise and display. It might even then have been confidently predicted that, if Science and Religion should ever draw him in opposite directions, or come into conflict in his mind, the victory of the latter would be certain. His philosophical speculations and views were always much more likely to take a religious color than his religious notions were to be perverted by his philosophy. Much of the life and power even of his intellect consisted in his moral sensibility; his very understanding might be said to be half constituted of heart and passion. That the *lumen siccum* of science should ever

put out the fire of religious sentiment in such a nature was impossible.

To be sure, his religion might be apt to be to some extent moulded by his imagination. It might be, and perhaps it was, something of a poetical religion. Well, we do not know that it was the worse for that. There is plenty of the prosaic, at all events, in the religion that is ordinarily professed. That which ought to be the divinest, and as such the most generous and self-forgetting, of all things, is too commonly a mere affair of prudential calculation and the lowest selfish apprehension. In Scotland, in those days, the state of religion and of the church was altogether different from what it has since become; whether it was worse or better may be matter of question. Now, certainly, all things are in a state of much greater excitement and commotion; religion makes infinitely more din and noise; the clergy generally, we may almost say universally, work a great deal harder in a professional way; the people are much less let alone than they formerly were. The particular circumstances of the present moment, indeed, when a new church, carrying with it a third part of the population, has suddenly started up and assumed an attitude of fierce hostility to the Establishment, would sufficiently account for much extraordinary activity in all quarters; the country is involved in the actual whirlwind of a religious war. But this state of things has been brought about by causes that have been long in operation. The disruption in the Church was probably precipitated by the Reform-bill and the other political changes of the preceding ten or twelve years, which in Scotland, by calling the democratic element into existence for the first time, really effected as complete a revolution as ever took place in any country. If it had not been for these violent impulses the catastrophe might, perhaps, have been avoided; but things were drifting in this direction, at any rate, under the simple natural law of reaction — of that principle of ebb and flow which operates with almost as much regularity in human affairs as it does in the tides of the ocean.

The history of religious feeling has been in every country that of an aguish alteration of hot and cold fits. In Scotland, as was likewise the case at the same era in England, when Chalmers entered the Church, and for years after, as for many years before, the cold fit prevailed. Earnest feeling on the subject of religion was mostly confined to the Dissenters, who then formed a very small minority of the population, and consisted almost exclusively of the lower orders. The people generally, of all classes, disquieted themselves very little about the matter. They took things easy, as one might say. There was

ical leaders or agitators: for, acted upon by the popular tendencies of their creed and their position, the Highfliers were generally, though not universally, Whigs; and, in their capacity of ecclesiastical legislators and speechifiers, they were in the habit, as a body, of occasionally lending a helping hand to that party in the State, — in those days doomed, apparently, to a hopeless exclusion from power — by opposing or carping at such of the measures or proposals of the Government as came naturally before the Church judicatories, or could be any how dragged into the discussions there carried on. Their opponents, the Moderates, on the contrary, were, almost to a man, stanch Tories, or partisans of the ministry. This party, moreover, comprised by far the larger portion of whatever learning, talent, and general intellectual respectability, was to be found among the Scottish clergy. Under the various influences that have been at work during the last five and twenty or thirty years, the popular theology has been elevated to altogether a new position, and Moderatism, as it existed formerly, may be said to be almost extinct; the clergy universally are become, in their preaching and demeanour, what, in other days, would have been called Highfliers. It may be that no individual did so much to bring about this change as Chalmers himself. Nevertheless, it was from the opposite camp that he came forth to be the conductor of the Evangelical party to power and victory. As a devotee of literature and science, it was a matter of course, and almost of necessity, that he should take his place, in the first instance, with the Moderates. It was on that side of the Church alone, when he entered it, that any literary taste or cultivation existed, or, we may almost say, was tolerated. An ardent student of mathematics, and chemistry, and political economy, among the Highflying clergy, would have been a phenomenon, to which Saul among the prophets was nothing.

It is plain, from the whole tone and bearing of his first pamphlet, that, when it was written and published, Chalmers had no notion that any distinction he might attain to in the world would ever be derived from or connected with his clerical character. He insists, almost in so many words, upon his profession being considered as a mere accident, or, at any rate, as a circumstance of no more real importance than the color of his coat. One of the most remarkable passages of the pamphlet is an illustration — too long to be here quoted — ridiculing Playfair's objection to clerical professors of mathematics, by an account of a razor which was found to have lost all its shaving virtues on its yellow haft being changed for a black one. In other places, one would almost say that he speaks of his being a clergyman

as a misfortune, indignantly deprecating and protesting against the cruelty of people looking down upon him for what he cannot help. "The day is yet to come," he exclaims, "when the world will see that there is the same injustice in attaching ignominy to a clergyman on the score of his profession, as in persecuting an African for his color, or a Mussulman for his religion." Clergymen, he goes on to contend, are not accountable for being clergymen; "the choice of their profession often depends on the most accidental circumstances, — a whim of infancy, or the capricious destination of parents." But his sense of injury breaks out with the most passionate expressions in the concluding paragraph:—

"The author of the foregoing observations keeps back his name from the public, as a thing of no consequence. With Mr. Playfair, whose mind seems so enlightened by well-founded associations, it will probably be enough to know, that the author is a clergyman, — a member of the stigmatized caste, — one of those puny antagonists with whom it would be degrading to enter into the lists of controversy, — one of those ill-fated beings whom the malignant touch of ordination has condemned to a life of ignorance and obscurity, — a being who must bid adieu, it seems, to every flattering anticipation, and drivel out the remainder of his days in insignificance."

The writer of these sarcastic and bitter words, we may be assured, was determined that no *hic niger est* — no black coat or black gown that tailoring ever fashioned — should keep him back from taking part in the great battle of intellect going on everywhere around him, and aspiring with all his might after what distinction and honor there God and Nature had qualified him to win.

Although he did not after this drop his study of the mathematics, he published nothing more having any reference to that subject. His next work was a volume of political economy, an octavo of between three and four hundred pages, entitled, *An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*. It was published, with his name, at Edinburgh, in 1808. This work, too, never having been reprinted, is little known. It is, however, as well as the pamphlet on the Leslie case, a most characteristic performance, and very curious to look into at the present day on various accounts. If any reader, whose life has all been passed in the *Thirty Years' Peace*, would obtain a lively impression of the very different tone of public sentiment in the last generation, let him repair to this volume of Chalmers's. The leading principal of the work is, that taxation, to whatever extent it may be carried, is no real evil; its only effect being to transfer what the author calls the *disposable*

population of the country from the service of individuals to that of the Government, and the depression, or even the ruin and extinction, of any manufacture or branch of trade bringing with it no sort of public mischief whatever, and no lasting suffering or inconvenience to any body, beyond the deprivation of some useless, perhaps pernicious, luxury. But the spirit in which this principle is urged and applied is warlike to a pitch which we now contemplate with amazement. A few specimens will suffice of the vehement exhortation which inflames almost every page of the book :—

“If the nation can want wine, it can extend its military establishment, by all the population employed in working for the purchase of it. If it can want sugar, it can extend its military establishment, by all the population employed in working for its purchase and conveyance. If it can want an article of home manufacture, it can extend its military establishment, by all the population employed in the fabrication of that article. If it cannot dispense with the use of them altogether, still it may retrench to such a degree as to make the most important accessions to the military defence of the country. If it can retrench a third part from its consumption of tea, sugar, wine, clothes, and household furniture, it can withdraw one-third of the population employed in providing these respective articles; and by giving away the price of these retrenchments in the form of a tax, it can make them over to the service of Government. — Let us call forth, if necessary, all the energy of our disposable population. Let us withdraw them from the idle employment of providing us with luxuries. Trade may perish, but it is the whistling of a name. It is a bugbear framed by mercantile policy, and conjured up to mislead the eye of the country from its true interests. Let us suspend our luxuries; let us approve ourselves a nation of patriots; let us withdraw our people from the walks of merchandize; let us be an armed country, and from one end of the island to the other let nothing be heard but the note of preparation. — Let Government appropriate to itself the wealth that was formerly expended on the purchase of imported articles, and it will also appropriate to itself the services of the discarded manufacturers. They are now paid by our inland customers in return for imported luxuries; they will afterwards be paid by Government in return for public services. Buonaparte, by ruining our trade, is in fact, advancing the true greatness of the country. He is filling our armies. He is giving extent and prosperity to all our national establishments. He is debarring us from luxuries, and pouring the population employed in providing them into the business of war. He is emptying our shops and our factories, but he is filling our fleets and battalions. No, this is not the time to hesitate about trifles. Accommodate the distribution of your people to the existing necessity. Be prompt, be vigorous, be unflinching; for I swear, by the ambition of

Buonaparte, that he will be soon among us at the head of his marauders, if he knows that instead of meeting the population of the island in warlike and defensive array, he will find them labouring in their workshops, writing in their counting-houses, balancing their ledgers, and persevering in the good old way of their forefathers!”

Yet, extravagant and almost comical as much of this may be thought, it all breathes a high, gallant, and generous spirit. His suspicion of, and antipathy to, the trading spirit was an innate feeling or principle with Chalmers; at this time it was evidently as strong and fierce as it ever was in any feudal baron of the middle ages; but, although he may have afterwards corrected something of its vehemence, we doubt if it ever underwent much essential modification. Even after he went to Glasgow, and there, in the honored and influential position which he held in the midst of a great and wealthy commercial community, had an opportunity of contemplating commerce and its results on the largest scale and in the most favorable light, it may be seen, from his sermons and other writings, that all the magnificence and all the liberal expenditure with which he found himself surrounded, did not destroy his earliest convictions of the radically debasing tendencies of traffic, and of the danger which there is of its tainting whatever it touches. He could not shut his eyes to this natural and necessary effect of a habit of mind which looks at every thing, primarily and principally, with a view to the pecuniary gain to be made of it. Nor can we believe that his original martial ardor, his imaginative sympathy, at least, with “the pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war,” ever wholly died within him. Of course, every man in his senses prefers a state of peace to a state of war. But Chalmers, with his manly understanding and robust nature, was not likely to fall, until he had fallen into his dotage, into that sickliest and silliest of crazes, which regards war, when it does come, as wholly either a crime or an evil. He may not have gone quite the length of his illustrious countryman, Buchanan, who, in the preface to his tragedy of *Jephthes*, addressed to the Count de Brissac (Charles de Cossé), thus expresses himself:—“Neque enim inter rei militaris et literarum studium ea est, quam plerique falso putant, discordia; sed summa potius concordia, et occulta quædam naturæ conspiratio.” But that he could have ever become blind or insensible to the high energies, moral as well as intellectual, — aye, and the sublime virtues, — which war often calls forth, and to the height to which, more almost than any thing else can do, it sometimes elevates man in all respects above his ordinary

self, we hold to be impossible. He never could have so far forgotten what he had himself experienced in other days, the honest and lofty enthusiasm of his own youth and early manhood. He could not have turned so deaf an ear to the testimony of all history, which declares that it is war which has produced, in every age and country, not only the noblest examples of individual daring, endurance, and self-sacrifice, but the brightest and steadiest flame of public spirit and patriotism in the universal people. Rather, to the last, we feel assured, he would have responded, heart and soul, to the adoring and thanksgiving words of the great poet of the last generation and of the present, when, raising his voice high above the screams and yells of his stupid or dishonest detractors, he boldly sang,—

“Thy most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man array'd for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!”

Or, as the same voice, as melodious and organ-toned as ever, has even while we write, again proclaimed the truth on the same theme,—

“War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom such as man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story!”

Chalmers's military ardor, however, when it was at its height, did not allow him to rest satisfied with merely writing warlike books. He was so smitten by the *scarlet fever* which then prevailed, as to enrol himself in a volunteer corps. Whether he served as a private and carried a musket, as many others of his station did, or acted as an officer, we are not sure; we rather think he had a commission. A rapid transition from his clerical to his military character, with which he once astounded the people of another parish in Fife, was long remembered in the place where it was performed, a village some fifteen or sixteen miles distant from Kilmany. Chalmers had an old college friend living in this neighbourhood, a preacher, or unbeneficed clergyman, attached, like himself, to mathematical and astronomical studies, whom he used occasionally to visit. One day, having, probably, left home in haste, and with the intention of returning immediately, he made his appearance at his friend's house in his volunteer's uniform; but, as it was near the end of the week, he was easily prevailed upon to remain, and preach in the parish church on Sunday. This he did accordingly, attired in a black coat, with which his friend had supplied him. Finding the borrowed habiliment, however, not quite so comfortable as if it had been made to measure

—for, in truth, his friend and himself had by no means been cast corporeally in the same mould, and the poor coat must have undergone a very unwonted and somewhat perilous tension in its embrace of Chalmers' breadth of back that day—as soon as he had descended from the pulpit he did not hesitate to resume his own attire; and the rustics could with difficulty believe their eyes when, in the bright summer evening, they saw the mad-cap minister, as they were inclined to consider him, whose peculiar gesticulations in black had already, a few hours before, sufficiently astonished them, walking up and down about the village in a blaze of red.

Even in those days, his preaching, merely moral as it was, was of far too uncommon a character for any audience not to be unusually excited by it. Although the people did not run after him, or may even have generally been inclined to frown at the manner as well as at the matter of his preaching, they could not help listening to it, and even being interested, and, for the moment, half carried away by it, while it pealed in their ears. It was unlike any thing to be heard from any other man. The force and fervor of the elocution alone, aided, perhaps, rather than impaired, by its uncouthness in all that belonged to voice, pronunciation, and action, would have compelled the attention of the duller audience. But the things that were uttered, too, and the words in which they were uttered, bore no resemblance to either the humdrum sobriety or the equally empty rant and rumble of an ordinary sermon. There was more or less of the true life in every sentence. Expressions, arousing either from their aptitude or their novelty,—illustrations, striking now for their brilliancy, now for their homeliness, were continually occurring. Notwithstanding the earnestness of the speaker, however, the feelings excited in the hearers by such unusual flash and splendor were, probably, not always of the most reverential character. Upon one occasion, at least, the effect was unfortunate. In the same village, the Sunday evening quiet of which he had so startled with his red coat, Chalmers appeared again—it may have been years afterwards—in the pulpit of the humble old parish church, and proceeded to preach from the text,—“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup.” As he proceeded, with an eloquence glowing as the generous juice itself whose seductions and dangerous effects he described, many of his simple hearers may possibly have thought to themselves that he had not selected the precise kind of intoxication against which they most required to be warned; but one, after some time, could stand it no longer. On another of many repeti-

tions of the emphatic words with which every paragraph was wound up and rounded off,—“Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup,” a shrill female voice, ascending from one of the extremities of the building, interposed, in sharp and impatient accents, with the exclamation,—“Red in the cup! Troth it may be ony o’ the colors o’ the rainbow, for a’ that the maist o’ us see o’t!” Poor Jane Pirie! Her bewildered brain was seldom, either on weekday or Sunday, free from the fumes of another liquid as potent, if not as red, as wine; but her natural shrewdness was never altogether extinguished, and on this occasion her sense of the incongruous was no doubt quickened and exasperated by her natural indignation at so severe an attack upon her favorite indulgence. Her readiness and self-possession would sometimes flash out in a very extraordinary way from the dark cloud in which whisky and partial insanity together generally combined to involve her faculties. She was a pretty regular attendant at church, whatever state she might happen to be in; and one Sunday morning, deserting her usual post near the door, she had made her way forward, and seated herself on the steps leading up to the pulpit, although manifestly far from being in a condition to occupy, with credit to herself or edification to others, so conspicuous a position. The grave old beadle, therefore, advanced to remove her, and a slight struggle ensued; when she suddenly petrified her assailant by turning round upon him, and calling out at the top of her voice,—“Ye auld shameless rascal! Would ye kiss me before the haill congregation?” Jane, though she had become a common beggar of the lowest order, was reported to have been originally a person of superior station; and in all her degradation she retained a look of gentle blood, and in her tall, slender, and upright form, something of the bearing of a lady, even while covered with rags and staggering along the public way, with all the young idleness and blackguardism of the village hooting at her heels.

Chalmers’s next publication, we believe, was, *A Speech delivered in the General Assembly (on the 25th of May), respecting the Merits of the late Bill for the Augmentations of Stipends to the Clergy of Scotland.* 8vo. Edinburg, 1809. This is an energetic and eloquent pleading in favor of an appeal to the legislature for such an alteration of the late Act as should give to a clergyman the right of applying for a further augmentation of his stipend, after an interval of twenty years from the commencement of the proceedings that had been taken to obtain the last augmentation, instead of twenty years from the time when the said augmentation was actually

obtained. The proposition seems a reasonable one, but at the end of the printed speech we are told that the motion with which it was concluded was neither seconded nor pressed to a division; “not because the mover had fallen from his purpose, but because he was ignorant of the forms, and did not know the time and manner, in which it ought to have been insisted upon.” Another curious circumstance is, that one of the longest and most remarkable paragraphs in the written and printed speech was, it appears, omitted in the delivery of it, “from the hurry and inadvertence of the moment,” we are informed in a note. Notwithstanding these disasters, however, the exhibition which Chalmers had thus an opportunity of making on a wider and more conspicuous theatre, must have done much to make him more generally known, and to spread the fame of the eloquent voice that was beginning to be heard in the land.

We are not aware that he published any thing more till his *Treatise on the Evidences of the Christian Revelation* appeared in one of the early volumes of Brewster’s *Edinburgh Cyclopadia*, if we rightly remember, in the year 1812. This may be regarded as his first strictly professional publication. Before it came out, also, his sentiments on the subject of religion had undergone a great change. The more serious views which he took from this time have been commonly attributed in part to the course of reading and reflection into which he was led during the composition of his new work, in part to some events in his personal history. He had had a long and dangerous illness; in the earlier stage of his recovery from which we well remember the emaciated and death-like appearance he presented, as when now become a somewhat remarkable man, he attracted the gaze of the bystanders, old and young, while he rode slowly on a quiet pony through the streets of the county-town of Cupar. His *Treatise on the Evidences* made immediately a great noise, and was eagerly sought after and read everywhere in Scotland, partly from the curiosity felt about the change of sentiment which it was understood to intimate, partly in consequence of the extreme ground which he took upon one point, contending that the apparent reasonableness or unreasonableness of what was revealed ought in no degree to be taken into account in examining the claims of what professed to be a revelation from Heaven, but that the question of the truth or falsehood of the revelation was to be determined on what is commonly called the external evidences alone. We remember Chalmers admitting, however, in conversation some years afterwards, that his views upon this point had undergone a certain modification, which he stated; and we believe

that ultimately he retreated still further from his original position.

From the publication of his *Treatise on the Evidences of Christianity*, which was reprinted separately soon after its appearance in the *Encyclopædia*, we may date the rise and first spread of Chalmers's general fame. He had been recognized among his acquaintances as a clever fellow, from his youth upwards. We have heard the old lady in whose house he lodged while at college tell with pride how, even in those days, his native superiority would shine out in talk and debate with his fellow-students; how a word of his would settle the matter which the rest had been wrangling about to no purpose for ever so long. Afterwards his name came to be familiar to all classes of the people over the district where he lived, and also to be well known throughout the Church, while his various publications had also attracted some attention in the literary world. But the excitement which he now began to produce was something altogether national and universal, in as far as Scotland was concerned. The country had been stirred and aroused before, throughout its length and breadth, by many a popular preacher; but, in recent times at least, it had been only the chord of religious feeling that had been powerfully struck. This had been done by the Erskines and their associates when the first Secession took place, by the conductors of what was called the *Outpouring* at Cambuslang, by Whitefield, by Wesley, by Struthers (of the Relief communion), and by others. But the cultivated intellect of the country had taken no part in the commotion which attended the career of any of these preceding popular preachers. Chalmers's preaching was the first that drew any general admiration for its mere eloquence. Among those who flocked most eagerly to hear him, were many persons who cared nothing for his so-called evangelical theology — who, in truth, would have enjoyed his oratory quite as much although his theme had not been a religious one at all. It is unquestionable that in the end he gave to a large portion of the rising talent of his native country a theological inspiration and direction; but he was, perhaps, more indebted for his own celebrity in the first instance, and for the high standing which he early took in the general estimation, to those who did not think with him, than to those who did, upon the subject of religion. The generous applause, for instance, expressed by Francis Jeffrey, after hearing one of his speeches in the General Assembly, went like a trumpet before him; Jeffrey was said to have enthusiastically declared, that he would walk twenty miles any day for such another feast of eloquence. There was,

no doubt, much difference of opinion as to the merits of a style of oratory which was by no means constructed upon the principles or precepts of Dr. Blair; but Young Scotland was almost unanimous on the side of the brilliant and daring rhetorical heretic. It must be four or five-and-thirty years ago since two eager school-boys, after a walk of a couple of hours on a summer morning, found themselves at the entry to the churchyard of the village of Marknich, in Fife, where Chalmers was to preach that Sunday forenoon. It was hardly yet nine o'clock, and the gate was still unopened, and every thing quiet as usual. They were the first who had arrived; but they were soon joined by other strangers, in many cases, probably, from greater distances than they had travelled, first dropping in singly, or by twos and threes, but ere long hurrying to the spot in dusty troops from every quarter, till at last a large multitude was collected long before the usual time of commencing service. As soon as admission was obtained, the ample church was filled to overflowing in every part: but the two youthful first-comers, as of right entitled, springing up to one of the galleries, secured excellent places there in the second or third pew from the front, whence they looked down upon the pulpit not many yards distant. The pulpit, however, was not destined to be occupied that day; when the preacher at last made his appearance, it was found that the congregation surrounding the church was still greater than that which filled it from floor to ceiling within; and it was quickly arranged that he should place himself where his voice might be heard by at least a portion also of the throng collected outside. A window by the side of the pulpit having been taken out, a temporary desk was attached to the railing of the pulpit staircase, and there he took his station, directly in front of where we sat. We seem to see him and hear him still, bending forward, with his left hand on his manuscript, and his right hand clenched and elevated in energetic action, while the wildest expression of eye mingles strangely with the solemn and almost austere determination of that large, firm upper lip, and broad, knotty forehead: and what lies written before him is enunciated in a voice husky, indeed, and tuneless, but very distinct, and in the highest degree earnest and vehement, so as to make you almost feel the words literally smiting your ear, and fixing themselves in your flesh as if with fangs. There was something in Chalmers's more impassioned delivery that always reminded us of the whizzing of steel upon a rapidly revolving grindstone, with the sparks of fire flying off in showers. At all times there was a breadth and depth of cordiality in his utterance, which sent it to the

hearts of his hearers at once. The gusto that he put into it was immense. The sound is still in our ear of the hurricane of denunciatory fervor with which, extending his arm aloft, and with his eyes shooting their fiercest gleams, he spoke that day of the Lord sweeping the earth with the besom of destruction. We remember little besides of the sermon, except that the text was, — "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Probably the words, as was his custom, were again and again repeated in the progress of the discourse. We recollect too how, when soon after he had commenced, a slight disturbance arose among some portion of the closely-packed and struggling people, he repressed it at once by a *Hush!* uttered quickly as he went on, and without raising his eye from the manuscript lying before him, in which his whole soul seemed to be absorbed, — its commanding solemnity, nevertheless, nothing could surpass. And it seems as if we had listened to him but yesterday, as, after the sermon, while he panted with exhaustion, he read these verses from the noble old Scottish metrical version of the Psalms: —

"The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

"But yet the Lord that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea billows are."

We could tell also, if space allowed, of later adventures undertaken with a similar object, especially of one never-to-be-forgotten expedition of a party of Andreapolitans to hear Chalmers preach in his native town of Anstruther, whither he had come on a visit from Glasgow some time after his transference to that city, which took place, if we rightly remember, in 1815. This Anstruther expedition must, we should think, have been an event of the year 1817. Chalmers preached both forenoon and afternoon, in his highest style; J. B., who, although now transformed into a United States republican, boasted of royal blood, or at least of a royal name, and had a lofty way of expressing simple enough things, exclaimed, that it was assuredly the *zenith* of preaching, as we sat together over against the pulpit in the comfortable front pew of somebody's private gallery, of which, as the most eligible position, we had obtained possession for the afternoon, by making our way into the church at one of the windows, during the interval between the two services, and then boldly scaling the undefended elevation; after getting fairly (or unfairly) over the ridge of which we felt quite secure, for nobody ever succeeded in ejecting B. out of any thing which he

had once appropriated, from the crown of the causeway down to any perverse absurdity in opinion or argument which he chose to take up. This may illustrate the spirit in which Chalmers was still run after by some of his most enthusiastic admirers. Of sympathy with his evangelicism, we fear there was very little in that merry band, whose tumultuous procession, some in gigs, some on horseback, so astonished the population along the dozen miles of road between St. Andrew's and Anstruther, as it awakened the echoes on that sunny Sabbath morn, and still more, as their loud talk and pealing laughter startled the shades of night on their return. Poor J. M., the pride of the university, the scholar, the orator, the wit, the poet, was there, almost restoring the sunshine with his drolleries and brilliancies, none of us thinking how soon all that light was to be suddenly and miserably quenched; others, too, may be silent enough now who were voluble enough then; but some will still remember "the hunting of that day," — our gallant and open-hearted old friend, W. M., now one of the foremost figures in his presbytery and synod, who propelled with such persevering gravity that ludicrous horse with the suppressed ears — J. A., now also a renowned orator in the church courts, and a Doctor of Divinity to boot, besides being almost as great a geological as a theological luminary, the Buckland of the north — shrewd, quick-witted J. T., whom they likewise style the Reverend, and who, we doubt not, for all his merry eye and his capital puns, makes as good a parish clergyman as any of them all, — and two or three more at least, we hope, who are still among the *ἐπὶ χθονὶ δεκόμεναι*, though our desiring eye knows not where to look for them.

Chalmers's celebrity was by this time at its height, from which, however, it cannot be said ever to have declined as long as he lived. It was in this year, 1817, that he gave to the world his famous *Discourses on the Christian Revelation viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy*, of which five large impressions were carried off in the first three months. It was in this same year that his first contribution to the *Edinburgh Review* appeared, — the article on "The Causes and Cure of Pauperism," which stands first in the number for March. It was followed by another more elaborate paper on the same subject, which stands at the head of the number of the Review for February, 1818; and also by a short notice at the end of the same number on some recently printed "Reports on the State of the Poor," which is memorable for a singular piece of precipitation — a calculation by which the number of persons then annually relieved from the poor's rates in England and Wales is made to appear to have been "9 1-4 in each 10

of the population!" The 10 here might have been supposed to be merely a misprint for 100, if the excited writer had not unfortunately proceeded with his comment as follows:—"Such is the extraordinary picture exhibited, on the highest authority, of the richest, the most industrious, and most moral population, that probably ever existed. *More than nine tenths of its whole amount occasionally subsisting on public charity?*" The *nine tenths* should have been *one tenth*. Chalmers, however, though apt to be carried away by extreme and one-sided views, was not in the habit of making such blunders as this. The notice must have been prepared in great haste. In 1823, after eight years of incessant exertion, and almost preternatural excitement, in Glasgow, he once more, much to the surprise and perplexity of the mob of his admirers, who could not comprehend why he should think any thing else on earth equal to his pulpit popularity, or should ever get tired of them and their steaming incense, took refuge in the academic quiet of St. Andrew's, by accepting the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the United College. It was not Chalmers's acceptance of the chair that was to be wondered at, but its having been offered to him. The right of appointment was with the remaining professors of the United College, eight in number; and their election of Chalmers was certainly the most dashing and eccentric movement that had been ventured upon by the *Senatus Academicus* since it has had an existence. We believe that people, when they heard of it, were generally inclined to conjecture that the thing must have been gone into when the learned body were hardly in their sober senses: that too much learning, perhaps, must have suddenly driven them all mad. It was as if a fleet of merchantmen, with highly combustible cargoes, seeing a fire-ship drifting about, instead of keeping as far out of its way as they could, had deliberately set about towing it into the midst of them. There may, indeed, have been some subtle and profound intention in the proceeding; still its boldness was astounding. With most of us at the moment, however, there was little disposition to inquire too curiously into reasons and motives; we were only not a little surprised, but immensely delighted. We well remember the sudden lighting up of faces produced by the unexpected announcement, when it was made one night to a large party assembled at supper round his hospitable board, by the late Dr. James Hunter, Professor of Logic, — a man who, if it had been desired to make the incident more piquant by force of contrast, might have been selected from all his colleagues for the strong dissimilitude, we might almost say opposition, of nature between

him and Chalmers in many prominent points, and yet who neither in true-heartedness and warm-heartedness, nor in real manliness of character, was a whit the inferior of the two. Astonishment and bewilderment, however, were, probably, the feelings that were first called up in every one present on that occasion, when we were asked to fill our glasses and drink to the health of the new Professor of Moral Philosophy, DR. CHALMERS.

Into the history of Chalmers's five years' tenure of his professorship at St. Andrew's we cannot enter. From the day when he delivered his introductory lecture in the Parliament Hall, as the lower room of the University Library is designated, to an audience which, standing closely wedged together, occupied the whole floor of the spacious apartment, up to the period of his removal to another sphere of usefulness, the excitement which he kept up was such as certainly had been unknown in the old city since the Reformation. The number of students in the Moral Philosophy class rose, during the first year, from something under forty to above sixty, and in the second to nearly eighty. Chalmers's lectures were also regularly attended by many persons who had already finished their academic curriculum, and who were not enrolled as students; while strangers from all parts of the island were occasional auditors. These lectures had all the eloquence of his sermons, with a brilliancy of a kind not admissible in a sermon, that of a rich narrative humor. All who have ever known Chalmers as any thing else than a great preacher, all who have either had an opportunity of hearing much of his oratory out of the pulpit, or who enjoyed any intercourse with him in private life, will admit that humor was one of his strongest propensities and richest gifts. He was far from abounding in anecdote, but he told a story, when he did introduce one, to admiration. And his eloquence nowhere shone more than in an after-dinner speech. Who that was present will ever forget the effect of one which he delivered at the dinner given in 1824 to the venerable Dr. John Hunter, the Professor of Latin, by his old pupils, on the completion of the fiftieth year that he had held his professorship, — having been, it may be added, all that while the chief ornament of the university? There was no want of enthusiasm in any individual, old or young, eminent or obscure, who made one at that great gathering; but Chalmers was the most enthusiastic of us all, and nothing could go beyond the spirit and fire with which he spoke, making his hearers wild with delight.

Circumstances ere long arose, however, which changed his relations with his colleagues at St. Andrew's, and completely broke any dream he

might have cherished of finding nothing there but the quiet of academic groves. The weekly meetings of the *Senatus* became, to quote his own expression, a succession of moral tempests, of the most terrific violence. Upon the points in dispute, which were various, he stood alone, or nearly alone. They need not be gone into here; they were partly brought before the public in the newspapers of the time, and those who feel curious on the subject may find them fully expounded in the evidence taken by the Royal Commission for Visiting the University, which was laid before parliament and printed some

years ago. Chalmers remained at St. Andrew's till 1828, when he was appointed to the professorship of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh; and this office he held till 1843, when he resigned it for that of Principal and Professor of Divinity in the College founded by the Free-Church, after that great secession from the national establishment, which certainly would not have taken place if he had not headed it, but which he certainly never would have either headed, or joined, if he had not been really led by some of those who seemed to the world to be his followers. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

WAYFARING SKETCHES AMONG THE GREEKS AND TURKS.

Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. London. Chapman and Hall. 1847.

It is not easy for us, habituated as we are to one uniform aspect of nature and society, to realize to ourselves the existence of forms of both, so utterly unlike our own as to present in many of them features the very reverse of those we are accustomed to. We are apt to regard stories that are brought us from a distance as colored with the tints of the imagination, and rather to dwell upon them with a pleased and sentimental incredulity, than take them as facts. But even where we are open to conviction, a new difficulty arises; for so much of what seems essential in the disposition and appearance of things has to be referred to local peculiarities and expunged from the alphabet of general conceptions; and so much deemed fabulous and Utopian, admitted within the domains of certainty, that we are puzzled to understand the limits of variety; and to know what should be held essential, and what accidental, in the circumstances and constitution of things.

These obstacles, either the one or the other of them, beset every stay-at-home. The first makes us sceptics beyond the point of our nose — the last may render us liable to be imposed upon by every traveller's story. Nothing but the constant effort to extend the range of our observation, can at last accomplish the desired object, and enable us to believe — and disbelieve — as we ought.

It is peculiarly difficult for the North-western mind to travel southwards and eastwards. Many things conspire to cause this. Not only is the aspect of nature different — almost opposite — in the two quarters, but the very constitution of

man, as a physical and intellectual being, is utterly dissimilar; and nothing short of the knowledge that certain high and paramount characteristics are common to the inhabitants of both, can satisfy us that we are indeed members of one great family. The races are as much apart in natural modes of thought as they are in manners, appearance, costume, habits, and geographical position: it would seem as if a difference, resembling that recognized to exist between the analogous animal and vegetable productions of widely-separated climates, obtained in the human species, and forbid identity, while it pointed to affinity. Added to which, the imagination of western Europe has ever received its chief supply from the treasures of the Levant; the poetry of the Bible derives its matchless images from the regions that surround it — the rhapsodies of Homeric genius draw upon the same sources — all that is most ideal in sacred and classic literature, has its birth-place beneath the sun of those favored climes. Nay, those tales of mediæval heroism, which added the last charm to chivalry, by removing its achievements from the scene of ordinary actions, have their *locale* in the same or neighbouring lands, and thus serve still further to isolate and spiritualize them in the occidental heart, and give them a place, not beside, but above, the realities of our creed.

But, if it be difficult, in north-western Europe generally, to adapt itself to such conceptions, how much more must the inability be felt in *this* country, where all those points of dissimilarity are found in the extreme, which in their less striking development dissociate man from his brother of the south and east! How much harder is it for us, beneath our cloudy skies and in our humid atmosphere, to realize a clime where the recreation of life is in shade, and in the cooling flow of waters, instead of in warmth and

in sunshine! where the day is shunned as intolerable to human endurance, and the night courted as the season of occupation, amusement, and exertion!—where the earth cultivates itself, and man's few wants are supplied by the trouble of stretching forth the hand!—where the hours are passed in the luxurious dream of listless tranquillity, and no pleasure is associated with physical or mental effort! How doubly impossible it is for us to believe that there exist countries in which poverty is unknown, and charity is at a loss how to put into practice the requirements of its creed! Yet, in the volume before us, we have all this, and more than this, made manifest to us—and that by one who has not derived the facts she details from questionable sources, or at second-hand from others, but who grounds on the experience of seven years the authenticity of her relation; and has, during that time, herself been witness to much of the stirring incident and living romance she so graphically describes.

The book is a delightful one. This every one will see; but it derives an additional value from the long apprenticeship the authoress had served before she attempted to "sketch" for the public. She had become thoroughly conversant with the history, politics, manners, and customs of Greece, during the extended period of her residence in that country; so that when, on the point of leaving it, she began to note down what she saw, she had a store of knowledge to fall back upon, which illustrates every page, giving all throughout a peculiar meaning and propriety to her least-considered expressions and remarks.

In illustration of what we have said respecting the marvellous dissimilarity of man's life in these favored regions from what we find it here, and of his exemption from those evils which are most constantly and prominently brought before our eyes, we may cite the following passages, which occur in describing those country villages, whither the inhabitants of Athens betake themselves during the prevalence of the Sirocco wind, after the termination of the carnival:—

"Those mountain refuges, how cool and fresh, and yet how sunny and how bright they are! Those little nests, embosomed in the green luxuriant hills, with their gardens of myrtle and pomegranate, and their sombre olive groves, which the singing birds so haunt! Where through the unchanging glory of the long Grecian summer, we may dwell sheltered and at rest; half forgetting, as our eyes grow accustomed to the eternal cloudlessness of that sky, where the serene smile is fixed as on the face of the dead who have departed in peace, that there are climes less favored, where tempests and mists disfigure the fair face of heaven, and dark clouds blot out the sunshine with tears, as though they wept for a fallen world!

"Still more we are apt to forget, as the spirit learns insensibly to share in the deep peace that hangs over those quiet spots, so utterly apart from the world and its fierce restlessness, that elsewhere there are storms raging which are not borne from the whirlwind, or cradled in the caverns of the north, but which man in his madness or his arrogance can raise, who has the power to blast this fair nature, and turn its pure waters into blood, by the excess of those passions to which he makes himself a most degraded slave, when in arms against the stern destiny that would discipline his soul.

"Even the distant echoes of that ceaseless agitation, which seems the very atmosphere in which men breathe most freely when struggling to their tombs, led on by false ambition or misguided impulses—these all die away long before they reach our lonely resting-places, where the monotony of life is as undisturbed as the cloudlessness of heaven.

"All of human nature that surrounds us is the scanty population of the village peasantry, whose profound and unaffected ignorance and honest superstition are an unspeakable relief, after having been continually brought in contact with the spirit of small and pitiful intrigues, which poisons every thing in the capital.

"It is a strange dreamy kind of life that we lead in those mountain solitudes, which charming as it is, presents perhaps too few opportunities for advancing in intellectual improvement or benefiting others, to be altogether desirable.

"Each day is unvarying in its occupations and amusements; for each day the gorgeous sunrise bursts into life with the same sublime pageant at its birth, and we must never fail to wake while still the soft night hovers on pitying wings over the weary world it has lulled to slumber, that we may go out and look from some favorable point on a spectacle so beautiful. We must watch the first faint glow, stealing over the far-distant shadowy isle of Egina, that seems to heave upon the bosom of the waters as though quivering with rapture beneath the smile of the morning; and see in breathless admiration how the pure light of the new-born day, gliding from wave to wave, carries its bright presence over that blue slumbering ocean, and onward comes, sweeping the plains with its golden robes, till even the waving of the dark olive groves in the breeze looks like the rising and falling of a silver sea. And then, advancing still, the infant rays illuminate that old Acropolis, so distant, though nothing on the unbroken plain can hide it from our view; and straightway the noble Parthenon starts into life, each glittering column defined against the clear blue sky, as though with a magic touch the sunbeams had but just created it! A few minutes more, and the great mountain which overshadows us, itself is clothed in sunlight, and not only the darkness is a thing that was and is not, but we can scarce believe that ever it shall be again!

"This unrivalled sight must be seen every day; and every day the indispensable siesta must beguile those hours when the world seems to hang breathless in the burning air, subdued

into utter lifelessness by the tremendous noon-day sun, at the very hour when it is wont to be most busy and bustling; and when at last the day is waning, and the sea has drawn down that terrible sun to its breast, alluring it with the semblance in its depths of a heaven still fairer than the fair reality, joyfully welcoming the darkness in which there is no gloom — what better can we do than mount our horses and ride to a certain height on the trackless mountain, where first we meet the cool breath of the night as it comes sighing for the departed day.

"Nor can we vary the long vigil on the terrace, or the roof of the house, during those lovely hours of unspeakable repose, when we sit watching the mighty constellations, those hieroglyphics of the skies, as they unfold one by one their glittering scroll, or track the flight of the wandering stars, the bright voyagers from heaven, as they traverse the spheres on their mysterious errands.

"It is thus that the days flit by in the summer homes of Greece. There is so little variation that we should scarcely mark the flight of time, but for the ever-working nature that replaces the wild scarlet anemones with the pomegranate blossom which seems to inherit their bloom, and these again with the star-like myrtle flowers and bright oleander.

"The good peasants, too, remind us often that the seasons do not languish, for they never fail to bring us the first produce of their labors — the fresh almonds and green figs, the cool water-melons, and finally the grapes. Of these there is soon such a profusion, that the very dogs, who in this country are singularly partial to the fruit of the vine, may go and riot in the vineyards, till even they are satisfied."

* * * * *

"Another peculiarity of the summer life in Greece is, that while we are enjoying it we would seem to all outward appearance, to be totally exempt from the ordinary "ills that flesh is heir to." Everywhere else, even if we carry so light a heart in our own bosom that we are disposed to doubt if indeed a burden is too surely laid on every mortal, we are certain at least to see such bitter suffering in those around us, from the palpable evils of penury and want, disease and crime, that we shall learn to suffer from their reflected misery. But here it is not so; poverty seems actually unknown. Not that the simple Greek peasant is rich, unless it be that negative riches which they may be said to find in their security from all material wants, produced by the benign climate and the abundant nature.

"In the summer they greatly prefer, as I have said, their couch in the open air, to the most sumptuous dwelling which their fancy could picture. They gather beneath the olive trees, which shed their ready fruits upon their very head — the greater part of their simple food. The light clothing they require is an hereditary possession, descending from father to son; and thus, having food and raiment, they are there-with abundantly content.

"The result of this is, that I believe there is

no country in the world where beggary is so little known. Systematic begging does actually not exist, excepting in the case of one blind old mendicant, certainly the richest man of my acquaintance, who sits all day in the portico of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, and majestically receives the alms which every one hastens to bestow on him — too happy to find a legitimate object on whom to exercise the duty of charity, so strictly enjoined by their church."

Is it possible, we are inclined to ask ourselves, after reading such passages as these, that such climes and such beings exist indeed upon earth at this day — that the *aurea ætas* of poetry retains the shape and substance of reality, contemporaneously with the smoke, and the dust, and the crime, and the poverty of this "working-day world" of ours? That the region of iron is not co-extensive with the limits of man's earthly dominion; that there are favored spots, which seem to have escaped the general curse, and bloom for the children of Adam with the fruits and the flowers of Paradise!

But as we proceed we arrive at last at the inevitable truth, which gradually disenchant us, exhibiting the adjustment of the lot of humanity, by revealing the dark side of the picture, and showing horrors and sufferings from which the majority of those nations that are denied the delights here pictured, have happily been long exempt: —

"One of the most striking peculiarities of a residence in Greece at the present day, is the close proximity into which we are brought with its great Revolution, that noble struggle for independence.

"It is true that the long wild strife is over at last, and that all is quiet now. But although the great gaunt Spectre of War has been exorcised and laid to rest, which once stalked, rapacious and fierce, through the length and breadth of the land, still there is not a family, nor scarce an individual, on whom it has not left the mark of its blood-stained fingers, as it dragged on its desolating steps.

"So that now a residence in Greece is in some sense, like a journey over some great plain, where a battle once has been; and where, though now the wild flowers are blooming there in beauty, and the streams are rushing clear, our steps ever disturb some broken arrow-head, or shattered spear, the fragment of a tattered banner, or it may be some dead warrior's skull."

Catastrophes have, in fact, occurred on this classic and favored soil, in comparison with which the most sanguinary revolutions of nations nearer home are tame. Every family has its own dark and dismal history — a romance of calamity, that renders many of the unhappy survivors monuments — monuments which bear engraved on their memories and on their counte-

nances the tale of woes which have desolated, for them, the paradise that surrounds them.

Thus we learn to be reconciled to the absence of every-day enchantments, by seeing that it also shields us from those dreadful tempests which "thunderstrike" the happiness of the communities wherein they occur. Life at home is without its poetry, perhaps; but it thus escapes the episode of anguish, and the tragic catastrophe. The imagination, unexcited by what it sees and hears without, turns in upon itself, and in a peaceful internal domain, creates and peoples its own romance; while the reason, having larger scope and ampler grounds for exercise, elevates our intellectual and moral being to regions far more truly sublime than even the heroic localities of Attica and Peloponessus.

Although the narrative of our author commences only a few days previous to her leaving Athens, and extends as far as to her arrival in Vienna, much the most instructive portion of the volume is occupied by Greece and its islands. This is easily accounted for; and may be understood by referring to our opening observations. Elsewhere she was like other observers — here she had been for years a resident and an explorer; and for a great part of her incidents, and almost all her views, she has drawn on previously-acquired materials. On this account we prefer taking our extracts mainly from the earlier chapters, which relate to that country.

The descriptions of the ceremony of the "Anastasin," or resurrection, on Easter Eve, and of night in Greece, are so full of eloquence, and give such interesting and beautiful pictures of life and nature, that they will not bear mutilation:—

"Happily any one who resides in Greece is tempted to abandon the theory, that human hopes are liable to disappointment, at least as far as regards the weather; so certain is he, if he wishes for a fine day, to see it arrive smiling and warm; not a vacillating, deceitful fine day, such as in England sometimes tempts out an unwary pleasure hunter, seemingly for the express purpose of maliciously deluging him half an hour after with unexpected rain, but a day indisputably fine, with a sunshine so determinately strong, that it is evident no cloud could have the power to extinguish one single ray. And Easter Eve was as gloriously starry and cloudless as could have been desired.

"It is indeed, a wonderful thing, a summer's night in Greece, or rather the space between the setting and the rising of the sun, for it cannot be called night where there is no darkness, no chilling dews, no sleep. People sleep during the hot languid hours of the day, and they are thankful to wake, that they may revive under the delicious influence of the faint night-breezes,

so mild, so soft, that they seem to be but the gentle breathing of the earth in its slumber; we cannot call it night, but yet it is not day, though the whole heavens are glowing with the intense brightness of the great stars, hanging so motionless in the unfathomable depths of dark unclouded blue, and the very air is filled with light from innumerable meteors shooting to and fro. It is not day, for there is a solemn, a profound repose, which day could never know: the very spirit of rest seems to go forth over the earth, hushing not only the winds and waves, but causing every leaf on the sombre olive-trees or green myrtle-bushes to lie still, as though spell-bound; and the starlight, radiant as it is, has a softness which tempers all on the wide-spreading landscape that might be harsh or abrupt in a more glaring light. Wherever it may be seen, a calm summer's night is assuredly one of the most beautiful things in nature; but there is something peculiar in the influence it has on the mind in Greece, which I have nowhere else experienced; there is such purity in the sky, the air, the light, such a holy tranquillity on all around, that the strife of life seems suddenly stilled, the fire of human passion quenched, and the most perturbed of spirits could not fail to partake somewhat of so intense a rest.

"Saturday gave promise of just such a night as this, and at nine o'clock we proceeded down the principal street on our way to the cathedral, where were already assembled not only the whole population of the town, but that of the neighbouring villages also, who always repair to Athens for this solemnity. A platform had been erected at a short distance from the church-door, where the king and queen, with the bishops and other priests, stand during the latter part of the ceremony. When we arrived, they were still in the church, which was filled just as it had been the night before. Outside, the crowd was dense, and we obtained places on a balcony directly opposite to the cathedral, from whence we witnessed one of the most striking spectacles I have ever beheld.

"Still continuing to follow the great events of Passion Week in their solemn rotation, the Saviour was yet supposed to be within his tomb, and the same perfect stillness was maintained, the same darkness and gloom prevailed over every thing. There was not a light, not a sound; each individual of that immense multitude, filling even all the adjoining streets, remained still and motionless, so that even the most distant might catch the murmuring voices of the priests, who were reciting the service within the church; troops lined the streets to see that perfect quiet was maintained, but assuredly it was a needless precaution, for there was not one present who did not seem to share in a general feeling of gloom and depression, as though a heavy cloud were hanging over all things; and so complete was the realization of all that these ceremonies are intended to convey, that I am certain that the power of death, still so awfully manifest in these last tedious hours, was present with each one of them.

"As midnight approached, the archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the king and queen, left the church and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half-whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and that Easter Day had begun; then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud, exulting tone, 'Christos anesti,' 'Christ is risen!' and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen!' 'Christ is risen!' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, communicating one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowd; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drums through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon, announced far and near these glad tidings of great joy; while from hill and plain, from the sea-shore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed; and so in truth it was;—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory, in tones so loud and clear, that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath his feet, and henceforth the entombed have everlasting life.'

"It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the effect of this scene."

In the month of April, 1845, the traveller and her party terminated their long residence in Athens, and embarked on board the Austrian steamer, which was to convey them to Syra. They quitted the Piræus on a fine summer's evening, and looked, it may be imagined, with some regret at the pillars of the "glorious old Parthenon," and those other objects which have an interest for every cultivated mind; but which for them were associated with the idea of the

home of years. In the midst of the pathetic, however, flashes of humor occasionally break out; it is plain that the lady has somewhat of the *Dickens* quality of grouping her fellow-passengers into the grotesque, and dramatizing adventures into comedy. And, it must be owned, there was ample material for both. The young Englishman, just arrived from Jerusalem, who complained that he could not obtain so much as a *neat pair of boots in the holy city!*—the mad doctor, who insisted on half-poisoning all the passengers with his sovereign specific against sea-sickness—the French *litterateur*, who told so *very good* a story of Alexander Dumas—all these, and numberless other characters, are passed in review before us, and skilfully made to contribute to our amusement.

The following casual incident is characteristic:—

"The little cabin in which I was to pass the night was apart from the rest, but I found I was not to have it to myself, for as I went in, the curtain of one of the larger berths was gently drawn back and displayed one of the very prettiest living pictures I had ever beheld. Two young girls, evidently Sciots from their costume, were reclining together wrapt in one large Turkish pelisse, and from amongst this mass of furs, nothing was to be seen but two beautiful heads and a profusion of marvellously long fair hair, twisted round their little red caps. They looked timidly at me with their almond-shaped blue eyes, and then, probably, thinking I could not understand them, resumed their conversation. There is a degree of unsophisticated simplicity peculiar to those islanders, which is very pleasing. These young Sciots displayed much of it as they talked together, and counted the hours which must yet elapse before they could see Scio, which seemed to be for them the fairest of spots. Presently the cabin door opened a little way, and a pleasing, venerable face, surmounted by a great turban, looked wistfully in. The intruder evidently knew he had no business there, but as I was sitting reading, his fine old head was gradually followed by the rest of his person, clothed in flowing Turkish robes, which are still worn in many of the islands. This was evidently the father, and his question, "are you asleep, my children?" received a vehement negative from the two lively girls, who poured forth a number of questions, and seemed most unwilling to allow him to leave them again. He also manifested a degree of paternal fondness, which corresponded well with what I had heard of the warmth and depth of feeling displayed by these islanders in the common relations of life. When I found that they were in a great fright at the notion of the steamer going on through the night, when the sailors could not possibly see their way, I overcame the reserve, which makes the English, when abroad, neglect many acts of kindness we would otherwise perform, and began to speak to them.

"Their father then left them quite relieved, and we became fast friends with that degree of rapidity with which friendships are made in those countries, and strange to say, are often very true and lasting. They told me their whole history, and talked merrily half the night—they had passed their lives in Scio, and never left till their mother died, a few months before, when their father took them to Syra for change of scene; now they were returning home to leave it no more, and fervently did they long for the first sight of their own dear island. When they found I had not yet seen it, they gave me a most poetic description of Scio, and of the life they led there; it was, without question, the most beautiful spot in the world, they said; to be sure they had never seen any other place, excepting Syra, yet still, nothing could be so charming as Scio: there were such vineyards and gardens, so full of orange-trees and abundant streams of water: that it was delightful in the cool evening to go down and dance the Romaica on the sea-beach, and watch the fishermen at work by torchlight. They pitied me very much for not being a Sciot. I asked them if they had ever heard of Homer, and they said they had not; then one recollected that there was a Monsieur Homero, who had died there last year, and they did not doubt this was my friend; and so they rambled on, till the rocking of their rough cradle lulled them to rest, and then rolling themselves up in their great pelisse, they went snugly to sleep."

This set the lady ruminating, during which they arrived off Scio:—

"My reflections were interrupted by the two pretty Sciots, who came to take leave of me, with many vehement expressions of regret and regard. This would be considered extremely absurd after a twelve hours' acquaintance anywhere else; but amongst the natives of the burning East, the quick vivid feelings are soon aroused, and their glowing imagination carries them on readily to bestow their strong passionate affections, without dreaming of pausing, as we in the chilly north would do, to calculate prudently if the object be worthy of them. One may, doubtless, make many philosophical reflections on the certainty that sentiments so rapidly awakened, will be as evanescent as they are prompt; but not the less, this readiness of sympathy and warmth of expression do in truth cast a glow over life, and make this selfish world seem far less of a peopled wilderness, where all are mingling together, and yet each is most utterly alone, than it really is."

The Danube has been already ascended and descended by so many intelligent tourists, that there is little remaining to be added to our stock of knowledge respecting the external features of that great river. But the personal narrative of every traveller must be new; each individual sees from a different centre, and has things presented to the eye at a different angle.

Some incidents, indeed, in the case of the book before us, *must* be novel, from the circumstance of the traveller's sex. Of these, "a visit to the harem" of the Pacha of Widdin, one of the principal and most populous towns in Bulgaria, is, perhaps, the most curious. A doctor who was on board had, it seems, some interest with this powerful Pacha, and exerted it, on this occasion, to obtain permission for the lady to visit the sultana in her harem. Accordingly she proceeded from the palace, accompanied by the doctor, through a court in the midst of which a fountain was playing, to what seemed to be a separate building; and there the latter stopped, not even daring to cross the threshold, telling the lady at the same time that two negroes who presented themselves were to be her guides:—

"I did not half like being left alone in this strange-looking place, and would have remonstrated against his leaving me, but he looked perfectly terrified when I proposed it, and disappeared the moment the door was opened. The two slaves walked before me in silence, their eyes bent on the ground, through several passages, till we reached the foot of a stair, where they in their turn consigned me to two women who were waiting for me. One of these was the interpreter, a remarkably pretty woman, though immensely fat; and the other was, without exception, the most hideous old woman I ever beheld, whom I rightly guessed to be the duenna of the harem. They received me with the highest delight, and as though I were conferring a great honor upon them, fervently kissing my hands and the hem of my dress, in return for which I could only wish that they might live a thousand years, and never see a 'bad hour.' Seizing me by the hands, they dragged me in triumph up the stairs and through several rooms to the audience-chamber of her Highness the Sultana. Like that of the pasha, it was furnished with a long divan, over which were spread two of the most splendid cashmere shawls I ever saw; several cushions were ranged on the floor, and the windows were all hermetically closed by the fatal screens of which we had heard so much. They are a sort of wooden lattice, but the open spaces are so very small that one can scarcely discern any thing without."

"The women made me sit down; and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me in a deprecating tone, not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease as if I were in my own house. How far I was at my ease, installed *à la Turque* on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture. The interpreter now left me alone with the old woman, who crouched down on a cushion at my feet, and with the help of a few words of Turkish with which I was acquainted, she managed to give me quite as much information as I wished for, on the domestic life of Eirdeen Pasha's large family."

"We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room, laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked, on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes half-closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath of a different color, falling below the knee, and finally, a pair of enormously wide trousers, either wholly red, or a mixture of gay colors, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief and various other ornaments were twisted in their hair, with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilized countries. Of all the number only three struck me as having any great claim to beauty; but certainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair, and soft brown eyes; the other was, I think, a Georgian, very dark with beautiful features, and the most haughty expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect, as the mother of a fine little boy whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna, with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

"Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter hurrying in, announced the sultana. The slaves fell back, and ranged themselves in order. I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half-a-dozen women. She was a tall, dignified looking person, of some five-and-thirty, and far from handsome. Nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light-blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these, a narrow robe of red cashmere, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers, also worked in gold, at least six inches wide. This garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions. Her waist was bound by a cashmere scarf, of great value; and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse, of brown satin, lined with the most beautiful zibelline fur. Her head-dress was a silk handkerchief, embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds.

"She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great stateliness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honor she had done me in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile, and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her. I obeyed, and had then to recommence all the

compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy; for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semicircle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched most critically every movement I made.

"I was determined, therefore, to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's, I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here — positively and actually smoke — or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant, that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff.

"Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts), were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly-embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

"One arduous duty I felt it was quite necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow as much admiration on the sultana's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eloquence in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then to my surprise, rose up and left the room. I was afraid I had offended her; but a few minutes after she returned, in a new costume, equally splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment, by minutely inspecting my own dress; and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me.

"My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. — They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions — many of which I really found it very difficult to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to

this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked further than from one room to another; and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought, nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

"Her highness now sent for her children, to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces; and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live for ever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four fine little children, and the eldest of them, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering *bons-bons* to the pasha himself, as to this imposing little personage.

"My attention to the children quite won the heart of the sultana, and she desired the interpreter to tell me that we were henceforth to be 'sisters;' and I was obliged to receive this addition to my family connections with becoming delight; she also wished me to be informed that she had once seen a Christian at Constantinople, and that she was not at all like me. I thought this very likely; but I was growing very anxious to terminate my visit, which had lasted, with its interminable ceremonies, nearly two hours. The sultana was very unwilling to let me go; but when I insisted, for I thought the patience of my companions must be quite exhausted, she once more rose and left the room; in a few minutes the interpreter returned, and kneeling down, kissed my hand, and then passed a most beautiful diamond ring on my finger, which she said the sultana begged me to keep, though it was quite unworthy of her 'sister.' I was much shocked at the idea of taking it, for it was a ring of very great value; and though I ought to have known that in Turkey it was an insult to refuse a present, I could not help remonstrating.

"The sultana came in herself to bid me farewell, and I endeavored to return it to her, but she frowned in a way which really frightened me, and commanded the slaves to tell me that doubtless it was not good enough for me, and that since I wished for something better, a more valuable present should be found. This settled the question, of course, and I put on the ring, and went to take leave. She had seated herself, and received my parting compliment in great state; her last speech was to beg that I would tell the people of England always to recollect that if they came to Widdin, it would

suffice that they were my countrymen to ensure their having a friend in Eiredeen pasha. I then touched her hand, and passed out of the room without turning my back to her, whilst the slaves kissed my hands again and again."

To revert once more to our main topic. It is of importance for many reasons, practical and political as well as moral, that a just estimate should from time to time be afforded of the value to be attached to commonly-received notions respecting countries with which we are not in immediate contact, and which are in a state of national transition and progress. Of such countries the most remarkable on every account is Greece. And to obtain such views we must turn, not to the hasty statements of travellers, who enter ignorantly upon a scene to them full of novelty and romance, and who are liable to have their vision distorted by every false medium; but to the testimony of those who have had the leisure and opportunity to obtain accurate information, with the ability to draw general conclusions from it, and form an opinion on just and adequate grounds. The writer of this volume labored from the first to disabuse her own mind of vague and pre-conceived impressions, and has investigated in a liberal spirit the institutions, manners, and creed of a country wherein she was so long a resident; and as she has arrived at some conclusions in a measure subversive of popular notions, it will be well to recapitulate some of these, in order to set the public mind right on the subject.

It must be remembered that she took up her sojourn in Greece at a period when that country had but just rescued itself from the degrading thralldom that had erased the name of Hellas from the catalogue of the nations. It was some time before the emancipated captive could shake off the moral stupor in which he had so long existed; and it was with intense interest that the first faint efforts of freedom were observed—the growing consciousness of independence—the habituation of a people to think, feel, and act for itself. Prejudices gave way in the observer's mind—conviction was forced upon it—the truth became manifest; and the final impression left was, that *if Greece had fair play*, it would yet work out a noble destiny.

I. In the first place, the society of Greece has acquired in an incredibly short space of time a polish and refinement, which is universally acknowledged as one of the characteristic evidences of a growing civilization. The youthful Grecians travel, mix with the world, seek education where it is best to be had; and bring back to their country an amount of knowledge and experience which obliterates every local pecu-

liarity except the love of country, and enthusiasm in her cause.

II. Besides all this, the circumstances of the country itself—its old and glorious associations, and the noble monuments of classic antiquity which meet the eye on every side, serve to give a tone of dignity and elevation to general conversation, which has no small effect in moulding the national character.

It seems to the Greek to be almost impossible to think or act meanly in the presence of such a literature and such a *locale* as his. He is, as it were, in an amphitheatre, from which the glories of five-and-twenty centuries look down upon him. He represents, in his own eyes, a long line of heroes, whose ancestral renown he is bound to uphold; and he is strong in the determination not to disgrace such an illustrious pedigree by one unworthy act or thought.

Nor is this honorable feeling expended in martial enthusiasm alone. The modern Greek is as earnest in his endeavour to reform social, moral, and political abuses, as he was to shed his blood in his country's cause; and the result is manifest from day to day, in the improvement everywhere perceptible in the national institutions, especially those connected with education. The university, lately established, is flourishing, and schools are opened wherever a fair prospect presents itself of obtaining scholars.

III. Connected with the preceding observations, is the improved condition of the priesthood in Greece. The sacerdotal body is now offered the means of general as well as spiritual enlightenment; and as that church has, in the midst of the grossest superstition, ever "kept the true faith as a precious gem in a rough casket," good hopes may be entertained that she may yet emerge from her comparative darkness as a pure and apostolic branch of the universal church.

IV. The domestic morality of the Greeks has ever been more pure than among the Turks. It has of late years been sensibly improving, and patterns of true fidelity and affection are to be found in most of the families throughout the country.

To all these instances of advancement, most of them not at all or very imperfectly understood in this country, may be added the almost total cessation of *brigandage* throughout Greece. An unprotected person may now travel from one extremity of the land to the other, as safely as through the best parts of England; and so rare is crime of an aggravated dye, that capital punishment is scarcely known. Indeed, the odium in which it is held renders it extremely difficult for government to procure any one to undertake the office of executioner. The difficulties of other kinds

experienced some years ago in travelling through Greece, too, are now in many places altogether removed, and in the rest rapidly disappearing. The roads are good, the horses sound, and easily procured, and the way-side accommodation respectable. The saddle is still the approved mode of conveyance; and the traveller who is not inured to it must expect to suffer occasionally from fatigue and exhaustion, especially during the hours nearest to noon; but he has few of those vexatious hindrances and exhausting privations to impede him, which the most enterprising tourist had to encounter fifteen years ago.

Let us hope that all these indications may be an earnest of something to come: that Greece may not only exhibit progress, but attain a proud position; that as she once shone out a sun amidst the darkness, she may yet again shine, a star in the constellation of the nations; that, small as she is, she may be enabled to resist the encroachments of the great and grasping powers that surround her; and that, if she be singly unequal to the struggle, she may claim and obtain the assistance of that remote, but ever-present and influential empire, which has witnessed with such intense and glowing interest the spirit of early Greece reviving in the bosoms of her sons.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE DANGERS OF GENERALIZING.—"The traveller must not generalize on the spot, however true may be his apprehension—however firm in his grasp, of one or more facts. A raw English traveller in China was entertained by a host who was intoxicated, and a hostess who was red haired; he immediately made a note of the fact that all men in China were drunkards, and all the women red-haired. A raw Chinese traveller in England was landed by a Thames waterman who had a wooden leg. The stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water with, while the other was high and dry. The apparent economy of the fact struck the Chinese, he saw in it strong evidence of design, and wrote home that in England one-legged men are kept for watermen to the saving of all injury to health, shoe, and stocking, from standing in the river. These anecdotes exhibit but a slight exaggeration of the generalizing tendencies of many modern travellers. They are not so much worse than some recent tourists' tales as they are better than the narratives of 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.'"

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

THE POLISH QUESTION.

It has very often and very justly been remarked, that the Poles have always been their own worst enemies; and no one can doubt the truth of this assertion who has taken heed of the disgraceful and fatal proceedings of many Polish exiles, and especially of those who are in France. We have sufficiently proved that we are the warmest friends of the restoration of Poland. But if that restoration could not be effected by any other method, than that which is contemplated by the persons of whom we speak, then we should hold it to be the duty of every honest man to declare himself decidedly opposed to it. The democratical party, — we will retain this name, although it might more correctly be styled a revolutionary party, — founds namely all its hopes upon the general overthrow of all the social, political, and ecclesiastical relations of Europe; it thinks that a general revolution, which shall lay all existing thrones in the dust, can alone secure the liberation of Poland. That such a catastrophe, shaking the very foundations of all existing institutions, would lead also to a change in the affairs of Poland, may be conceded. When there is no longer a King of Prussia, or an Emperor of Austria, these monarchs cannot reign over separate portions of Poland; that is a perfectly logical conclusion. But we will oppose to it another and quite as logical a conclusion; we set out from the premises, that general anarchy, one which would stir up the lowest, coarsest elements of society, and place for a season uncontrolled power into their hands, would destroy all true civil liberty, and that perhaps for centuries to come; but that which is destructive of liberty absolutely, cannot be beneficial to Polish liberty in particular. This is quite as logical, and the only question is, which conclusion rests upon the most correct premises.

If any thing could convince us of the truth of the assertion which has been so frequently repeated by the opponents of Poland, that the Poles are incapable of governing themselves, and of establishing a permanent civil government, it would be the deplorable party-spirit which has evinced itself among the Polish exiles since the year 1831. If ever men were required to live together in harmony, and to strive unanimously for one great object, with a total forgetfulness of all secondary questions, those men were the emigrated Poles. But they had not been expelled from their country a year, when the old divisions broke out among them, and petty jealousy and obstinacy called forth a complete

political confusion of Babel. Instead of all laboring, like one man, solely and alone for the future liberation of their country, they quarrelled about the constitution by which Poland was hereafter to be governed. We call that "selling the skin, before the bear is killed." As if their aim had been to prove to Europe that Poland would not be able to escape from the well-known anarchy of Poland that was.

We do not purpose to make any reference to those higher political and moral principles, which the democratic party might not be disposed to acknowledge; we speak only of the dictates of prudence, of plain common sense. We will not dispute which would be better for the future Poland, whether a monarchy or a republic, whether unequally distributed property, or a general community of goods. But we should think that it must be clear to the commonest understanding, that these questions would be best resolved, when Poland is really restored. The first, most necessary condition for any future form of state-government surely is, that Poland should first once more have an existence. Nay if the restoration of Poland were a settled point, an event which must, beyond all doubt, occur, we could understand, or at least excuse, these democratic ravings, though we should be far from approving of them. But as matters now stand, when it is as yet so entirely uncertain whether Poland will ever be restored, we cannot but regard the conduct of the democrats as actual treason against the common cause of their country. A senseless obstinacy and an overweening conceit of their personal importance have caused them to betray the common cause, which ought for the present to have been the only question.

For it is a fact, that not only there is a revolutionary party, which seeks the entire subversion of all existing institutions, and which is spread over all the countries of Europe with the exception of England and the Scandinavian peninsula, but that this party is extending itself, and increasing from year to year with wonderful rapidity. I know not whether the governments discern the threatening aspect of this phenomenon in its whole extent; for myself I have for five-and-twenty years been an attentive observer of the political tendencies of the people, and I cannot conceal from myself that the progress which has been made by this mania for universal subversion is quite inconceivable. When in the year 1819 the first proceedings were instituted in Germany against demagogues, every sensible

man was of opinion that the governments had unnecessarily taken alarm; but if I compare *then* with *now*, such an enormous change appears to have taken place, that it is evident that the most imminent danger is close at hand. The revolutionary disposition has so spread through the whole mass of the people, that its expressions are everywhere audible, in common conversation and in the press, and *that* to such an extent that we have almost ceased to take notice of them, but regard them as something to which we are quite accustomed. Even the censorship* suffers a thousand revolutionary manifestations to pass daily without an objection or even an attempt to suppress them. If we look at our daily press and examine the consequences which result from their different statements, we must confess that three fourths of them, from the smallest local sheet up to the most widely-spread journal stand upon a revolutionary basis, and are developing themselves more and more in that direction. The greater part of these papers would ten years ago themselves have been alarmed by views and by a tone which now they adopt without the slightest hesitation. I do not mean that they all comprehend the consequences of the tendency which they are pursuing; there are probably but few who do so. But their mode of expressing themselves, and the view which they take of events, are based upon the idea of the entire overthrow of all that is established, and contain within them the Revolution as an embryo. They are all pursuing a partial, negative movement, and show not a trace of any conservative tendency which might counterbalance the other. They are all occupied in discussing what ought *not* to be; and as soon as that is removed they find something more which ought *not* to be. They are totally without any positive idea of a perfect condition, for which they are striving, and are only seized more or less with the mania of destroying. In conversation, in the verbal interchange of ideas, there is yet more cause for alarm. The revolution is the almost exclusive topic in every coffee house, in every society. Every conversation instinctively takes this turn; that is to say, not the systematic avowed revolution, which has formed a plan of universal destruction, but that revolution which finds expression in a universal dissatisfaction with every thing that is established, and for which there is no longer a single object which is regarded with love or reverence. And whereas thirty years ago this thoroughly revolutionary temper began

to show itself in the brains of a few theorizing young men, it has now developed itself upon the broad practical basis of the lower and half-refined classes. The great mass in the cities is thoroughly infected by it, and even the agricultural population opposes it, not with any moral resistance, but only with that indolence which is peculiar to it. The proletariat,* which has not morally and physically any thing to lose, has allied itself to this revolutionary tendency, and become amalgamated with it with wonderful and frightful rapidity. And millions more have joined it, who certainly had something to lose, but who with frivolous thoughtlessness did not perceive what they were risking in a revolution, and who joyously helped to undermine the building which they themselves inhabited, and which in its fall would bury them beneath its ruins. I know that I am not an alarmist, and I have even before now been called a sanguine optimist, but I cannot close my eyes to the total change, which in the last thirty years has taken place in the disposition of the masses.

There certainly are still some conservative elements, and that among the most refined, most liberal and most noble men of the age. If these elements could develop their entire strength, they might yet be able to oppose an invincible phalanx to the advancing revolution; but what makes our situation desperate, is that it is not discerned by the governments how necessary and indispensable these elements are, and that they do not therefore obtain freedom of action.

Nothing but a liberal constitution and a total overthrow of the tutelage of the bureaucracy can now produce a conservative opposition to the advance of the revolutionary mass. For fear of the revolution those elements are fettered which could alone triumphantly resist the revolution, namely, the free unhindered progress of knowledge and patriotism. But if, out of petty jealousy, they dare not put weapons into the hands of their best allies, if they compel them to stand as idle spectators where they long to be fighting for life and property, there is certainly but little hope. If the time shall come, when the best and noblest part of the nation despairs of a peaceable development of the present state of things, if the conviction shall be forced upon it, that the revolution is unavoidable, then it must not be wondered at, if they too attach themselves to the stronger party, and for the sake of self-preservation incline to that side, which they foresee must, under existing circumstances, carry off the victory. A man who only has the choice between

* In Germany no journal, pamphlet or newspaper is allowed to issue from the press until it has been approved of by the officers appointed for that purpose, styled censors. In the Prussian dominions this applies to all works which do not exceed ten sheets.—ED. DAG.

* This word, which has lately become familiar to all readers of German and French literature, signifies the lowest and poorest classes, those in fact who are totally destitute of property.—ED. DAG.

two evils, turns to that where his life and property will at least be secure. Such is the history of many excellent, truly conservative men, at the close of the last century in France. After they had sought in vain to establish a rational constitution which should combine the conditions of civil freedom with the necessary conservative elements, after the court-party and the adherents of the "ancien regime" had deserted them in this last attempt at a rescue, they followed, though with sorrowful hearts, the victorious course of the revolution, and did not hold themselves bound to sacrifice themselves for a cause which had been ruined by folly and blindness, by prejudice and shortsighted selfishness. They allowed things to take their own course, and did not again appear and raise their heads until the first irresistible storm had passed over, in order to save from the wreck whatever it might yet be possible to save. It was certainly an unfortunate and not very lofty position, and it blunted many a fine moral sense, and corrupted many a noble soul. But who will dare to cast a stone at those men, because they were not all Catos; they at least have not the right to do so, who forced them to that denial of their own sentiments, who suffered a Lafayette to languish in a prison, because he would not do the same.

Our governments, especially those of Prussia and Austria, appear in fact, even if viewed by the light of mere worldly wisdom, to be involved in a certain delusion. They resemble a mariner who cannot make up his mind to throw overboard a portion of his cargo, and so exposes his ship, and all that it contains, to extreme danger. The question now is whether it is possible to maintain the monarchical principle; and with this vital question at stake, they ought not to bargain and chaffer about a few privileges more or less, which must at any rate be lost, if the monarchical principle is overturned. But it is the curse of this bureaucratic system, that it never sees any thing but that which is nearest, the very most superficial symptoms, and that it is blind for every more hidden process. They feel themselves more inconvenienced by those constitutionally disposed men, who certainly would take from them, and otherwise distribute, a portion of their superfluity, only in order to save the monarchy, than by all those revolutionary masses which are starting forward from a distance and with which they have not yet come into contact. But when the shock comes, and that constitutional intermediate party has vanished, then it will be too late, and then they will perceive with terror that it was not good to be miserly over a few sacrifices, while the whole was at stake. "Every thing has already been," — says the old Ben-Akiba.

In the Polish question this relation appears with especial clearness, so that one would not think that it could possibly be mistaken. A part of the Poles, in despair of seeing Poland regenerated out of the existing state of things, have thrown themselves wholly into the arms of the destructive tendency, and now form a mighty, terrible element thereof. How deeply we detest this tendency, we have already said, but thus much is perfectly plain, that this destructive mania of the Poles has been produced by the obstinate resistance of those governments, that it has proceeded only from a thorough hopelessness of ever obtaining from them any concessions in favor of Poland. If it is, generally speaking, for the interest of the conservative party of the present day to be liberal and just, it is more especially the case in the Polish question. There is only one way to restore Poland without the ruin of the two great German powers; it must be reinstated in its old historical rights, and newly organized under the guidance of its chief powers. These powers are the aristocracy, and the catholic religion. If Prussia and Austria honestly offer their hands to these two moral and political powers, as to allies, and as a pledge of their sincerity deliver up to them Galicia and Posen, then, but then alone, it is possible that the restoration of Polish nationality may take place without the entire overthrow of all the political relations of Germany. Even then it cannot terminate without a war with Prussia; but such a war is not so great a misfortune as a universal explosion of anarchical democracy, which would extend over the largest part of Europe. A European war against Russia for the restoration of Poland would be the most conservative war that can be imagined; it would be a true specific against the general revolution, against the efforts of communism and democracy.

But certainly for this purpose many a sacrifice would be required; not only the sacrifice of Posen and Galicia, but above all the sacrifice of the absolute power of the bureaucracy. If I have said that Poland can be peacefully re-organized into a state only by the aid of the Polish aristocracy and of the catholic religion, I do not thereby mean the old rule of the cavaliers, nor the old persecuting and domineering sway of the priests. If in fact monarchy is still possible in Poland it can only be a true constitutional monarchy. Only under a constitutional monarchy is it possible that a flourishing class of citizens and a free peasantry should gradually be formed. But as in the whole range of history no beneficial organic reformation has ever been accomplished except under the guidance and direction of the conservative elements, so the nobility and clergy, — the chief possessors of material and

moral power—are alone able to guide the peaceful education and development of the commoners and peasantry of Poland. That they have the earnest desire to do this, that they have long since renounced their oligarchical and hierarchical ideas, is a fact which only malice can deny. It is an entire falsehood to represent the Polish aristocracy as if the oppression and serfdom of their peasants still constituted their political principles. For more than fifty years the Polish nobility have declared themselves in favor of the abolition of serfdom, and the creation of a free peasantry. The constitution of 1791 and the transactions of the diet of 1831 afford the clearest proof that the Polish nobility have long since discovered their true interest, and proposed to themselves the accomplishment of this object. That this task will be no easy one, that it will require legislative activity for many years, will be readily granted by every person who understands the subject. It was a revolutionary infatuation which made Lelewel and his democratical friends demand in 1831 the immediate abolition of serfdom without any preparation; no one would have suffered more from such a measure than the peasants themselves. All true patriots justly opposed this claptrap, which would certainly for a few days have created a sensation out of Poland, but which would not have contributed in the least to the renovation of the country and would in the end have caused inconceivable distress and confusion. All the members of the diet without exception, with the venerable Zartoryiski at their head, were agreed that the first work of peace must be to create a property for the peasants; and they were as honest in their intentions as it is possible for man to be. But they did not consider it sufficient by a mere phrase to declare the peasants free; they desired also to place it in their power to live and to live in freedom. The discovery and establishment of the means of accomplishing this, the preparatory works of a new agrarian legislation for Poland, are however no easy matter; they are a task well “worth the sweat of nobles,” and it would have been unjustifiable if, for the sake of a mere name for liberality, they had for ever departed from the road of serious deliberation. Thus much is certain, that the hierarchical and aristocratical policy in the bad sense of the word no longer exists in Poland; I am convinced that the whole Polish aristocracy desires nothing more ardently than the true liberty of the people under constitutional government.

But a constitutional Poland presupposes a constitutional Prussia and a constitutional Austria. If they desire the restoration of Poland they must certainly sacrifice not only their Polish

provinces, but also their absolute monarchy and the overgrown power of the bureaucracy; but a true conservative will, as we have said, willingly make such sacrifices, because they are necessary, if all is not to be lost. Prussia and Austria ought to regard Czartoryiski and his friends as their only saviours, instead of treating them as enemies.

The democratical party however aim at nothing else than the subversion of all moral elements; I am terrified when I consider the plans of this party as they are exposed in some late works, which are overflowing with fierce hatred against the catholic religion, against monarchy and nobility, and now against all property. I would that our Austrian and Prussian statesmen could thoroughly understand the endeavours of these so called Polish democrats, in order that they might see to what desperate and horrible measures a really noble people may be driven, when they are debarred from that which they have a right to demand. The name of Poland now justifies every thing; in whatever corner of the earth a revolutionary movement is felt, Polish democrats are concerned in it, whether the cause be just or unjust, if the object is only the overthrow of existing institutions. Whether fertile lands are to be laid waste, whether hundreds of thousands of innocent men are to be plunged into misery, what matters it to them; they fight for Poland and are indifferent to all besides. What matters it to them, whether republic or monarchy, whether atheism or religion be right; that is right to them which leads to overthrow; overthrow at any price, even if it leads to the temporal and eternal perdition of mankind. The grossest infatuation, which leads men astray and converts them into brutes, is welcome, is preached and spread abroad, for it leads to overthrow; and with a universal overthrow, the Russian, the Austrian, the Prussian sceptres will sink into dust. Oh! who will venture to condemn those unhappy men, who will venture to throw the first stone at those too-faithful ones, whose crimes have their origin in a wonderful love of their country! I at least will not do it, who thank God that I do not as a Pole groan under foreign dominion, or, far from my country, consume in ardent longings and fierce rage. How true was the prophecy of Talleyrand; the sins committed against Poland will be avenged upon our children and children's children, if they are not atoned for in due time.—F. VON FLORENCOURT. *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung.*

THE PLACE OF THE FINE ARTS IN THE NATURAL SYSTEM OF SOCIETY.

"We live in an artificial state of society" is a common assertion, though the boundaries between it and the natural state are not defined nor illustrated. In common language, Nature and Civilisation are opposed to each other—the latter being regarded as an exotic, a forced growth of political skill, a magnificent product of art, in no wise governed by the same natural laws as the original brute condition of mankind, nor formed by the same creative hand which placed the race originally on the earth. Like the locomotive or the ship, civilisation is said to be a contrivance of an individual or a succession of individuals—of some gifted, wise, and foreseeing legislators, who established rules for conduct leading to improvement, and constituted it the duty of a governing class to enforce them on the observance of the vulgar multitude. Reflection suggests a doubt of the accuracy of this theory. The instant our attention is directed to the subject, we perceive that the sexes always preserve their distinguishing characteristics. They are physically and morally different now as at the beginning, and their union is at all times the basis of the whole society. One leading fact, then—one great natural law—lies equally at the foundation of society in its earliest and its most advanced stages. Is the whole vast and complicated, beautiful and various, superstructure of modern society the spontaneous growth of the same great fact, or the artificial contrivance of a succession of lawgivers?

That certain aspiring men have continually attempted to model society, must at once be admitted; that they succeeded in restraining and modifying its exuberant form, and have checked its growth, must also be granted; but that they are therefore the authors of civilisation is no more true, than that the man who fells, and lops, and squares the lofty oak makes the timber of the forest. That they have interposed between Nature and individuals a great barrier of legislation, expressly to ward off the natural consequences of action, and generate the belief that they are the guardians and protectors of mankind, is abundantly obvious; but through and behind this barrier the forbidden communication always practically takes place, and it guards neither individuals nor society from the consequences of the natural laws which established diversity of sex. Nature every day loudly and plainly answers the querist that the barrier, for the end proposed, is the most flimsy, worthless, costly

contrivance that ever men loaded themselves with. Thus, amongst the many moral and political truths willingly assented to by the people, and forced on the still incredulous statesman by the rapid progress of population within the last half century, there is none clearer or of greater importance than that he is not the author of social progress nor of civilisation. This assertion requires illustration.

One of the most effectual instruments of social progress and modern civilisation is the Press; which legislation, far from having created or fostered, has, from the time at least of Wolsey, regarded as a terrible enemy, and laboured incessantly to chain to its own chariot-wheels. It has failed. Star Chambers and libel laws, censorship and pensions, have mutilated and poisoned, but could not kill. It has survived the malignity of Parliaments and the arrogance of kings, and has triumphed over both. It has become the ruling influence of society, and has everywhere been useful, truthful, and enlightened, in proportion as it has escaped the fetters of the law and the trammels of patronage. Another powerful aid to civilisation is the steam-engine, particularly when applied to locomotion. Never, perhaps, in the world were eighteen millions of human beings more uninterruptedly tranquil, and confident in the results of their own exertions, than the inhabitants of Great Britain during the last ten years. Their contentment is mainly owing to the rapidity and freedom of communication between one part of the island and another. The inhabitants of every part have been almost instantly informed of what the inhabitants of every other part were doing, and that their distant fellow-subjects, like themselves, were unassailed and secure. They have also been informed of everything done by the government, and at no time have they dreaded from that powerful organisation any sudden or violent invasion of their rights. Legislation, by subjecting the promoters of private enterprise to monstrous expenses, by absurd standing orders, ridiculous precautions, and erroneous judgments, has done much to impede locomotion, and nothing to promote it. Gas, too, spreading by night a light half like that of day through every nook and cranny, every closed-up court and crooked alley, in our old and inconveniently built towns and cities, has, as it were, kept every man always under the eye of the public, and has contributed much to put an end to those violent outrages for

which, only a few years ago, our towns were somewhat remarkable. We might run through a score or more of the most remarkable mechanical inventions of modern times, and show their influence in repressing crimes, promoting social order, and bringing about civilisation; though, as in the case of the Press, they have often been the means of effecting it in direct opposition to the lawgiver. These examples are, however, sufficient to confirm the assertion, that civilisation, whatever be its origin, and whatever hand may guide it, is not the child of political or legislative wisdom.

One other leading fact we must briefly advert to. Division of labour, or the exclusive devotion of individuals to particular employments, is undoubtedly a great means of carrying forward the human race. In one or two instances, the legislator, seizing hold of the fact after division of labour has come into existence, has endeavoured, as in India, to confine it under a few denominations, and has divided the people into castes, appropriating to them different occupations. His success has produced stagnation. Society ceased to be progressive, and became the victim of nations amongst whom the establishment of castes had not suppressed emulation and subdued energy. Division of labor is as completely a natural phenomenon as the diversity of sex. No legislator establishes or promotes it. Man, in all countries and ages, has taken one species of occupation, and Woman another. The aged too, and the young, in all stages of society, have other occupations than the robust, and those who are mature in years and strength. Climate, situation, and peculiarity of disposition—other sources of division of labour—lead one man to be a wine grower, another an iron-founder, a fatterer of cattle, a miner, a painter, a poet, or an inventor; and thus, as population increases in any given space, these natural circumstances, for ever existing, continually enforce and maintain a progressive extension of division of labor, to the benefit and civilisation of all.

This principle has been generally considered in its single relation of influencing the production of wealth, and its moral effects, though equally beneficial, have been disregarded. Commerce, which binds nations together in amity, is the result of terrestrial division of labor, diversity of climate and situation. Rival governments and statesmen only interrupt the peace and friendship that terrestrial division of labor is continually promoting. The mutual dependence of man on man in the same country, caused by no one completing, of himself and unaided, any piece of work, begets civility and friendship. It establishes a relation of mutual service and

mutual kindness between the butcher and the grazier, the farmer and the miller, the spinner and the weaver, and between all the industrial classes. They cannot live without one another. The right hand might as well quarrel with the left, as the shipwright with the sailor, or the tanner with the shoemaker. Division of labor substitutes friendly and just relations, for jealousy, envy, and fear, and contributes to check crime and promote virtue.

Population, as it increases, carries with it a continual extension of the principle of division of labor. It calls new classes of industrious men into existence. New arts spring up, new wealth is created, and new relations are established between individuals and nations. Old laws are continually found to be incompatible with the progress of society, and noxious to human welfare. Does society accommodate itself to the old institutions? No: it bursts them asunder, and they fall away like withes from the arm of the strong man. The lawgiver always essays to bind them on anew, and may succeed, with some relaxation or change of form; but it is only to restore the incompatibility between him and Nature, and at no distant day compel society to destroy his new chains.

The progress of society, against the will of the lawmaker overturning his institutions, has, in modern times, been very marked. It is one of the moral phenomena of the age. The increase of dissenters and catholics made the laws to preserve the dominion of the state-church unbearable, and test acts and penal disabilities were rent asunder and trampled under foot. A wonderful increase of population, forming several new and great towns, made the old system of representation inadequate. Did society reduce itself to the size prescribed by the lawgiver? Quite the contrary: he was compelled to adapt his law to the new circumstances. He yielded, indeed, as little as possible, and coupled his compliance with registration, rate-paying clauses, and other foolish restrictions, to supply evidence hereafter of his present imbecility when they follow the fate of the boroughs in schedule A. Still later, the increase of the manufacturing classes made the laws which confined them for their supply of food to the land owned by the lawmakers, a complete nuisance; and though the lawgivers thought their pecuniary interest and their power at stake, they were compelled to abolish the Corn Laws.

We need not advert, for further illustrations of this important principle, to the abolition of slavery, and the great limitation of capital and other punishments, which the progress of knowledge and the instrumentality of the Press have forced on an unwilling legislature. A lawgiver

may now and then be found who gives an impulse to social progress, but the true characteristic of legislators, in relation to the onward moving masses, is holding back; and this characteristic is not altered by such rare exceptions to the rule as that of Joseph the Second. In the great majority of cases, the natural progress of society has necessarily swept away old laws to bring about improvement. That this depends on natural circumstances is certain, from the progress being nearly simultaneous and consensual throughout civilised society. Steadily have the nations of Europe marched almost abreast, one now and then going faster and farther than the other; but in most of the great natural features of civilisation, such as the increase of knowledge and the division of labor, they more nearly resemble each other than they differ in their political features. The lawgiver has always been at work trying to build up a *superstructure of his own* on the natural foundation of society, and to make us believe that he is the great architect of the whole; but the same power which laid them carries on the building, and is continually toppling down the little buttresses, and bursting asunder the little bonds by which he tries to cramp and deform the lordly temple. Society is, at places and times, limited and distorted by conventionalities derived from his regulations not yet out-grown, and by laws still in existence. They extend, however, only to small portions of the structure; they are not essential, they are only adjuncts. All its main beams, as well as its foundations—division of labor, as well as diversity of sex—commerce, with all its consequences of money, agency, credit, &c.,—as well as climate, inequalities of wealth (within certain limits,) as well as variety of talents and disposition; the progress of knowledge, as well as the multiplication of the species—are all natural, not artificial. If they are not legal, or recognised and sanctioned by the lawgiver, they ought to be, and in the end must be, in their fullest freedom and perfect growth.

There is only one point on which any doubt can be entertained. It is usually supposed, and said, that political power protects property, and that without property, and without protection for property, there would be no civilisation. Admitting the two latter circumstances, the fact that the laborers of Europe, who produce all its wealth, have little or nothing, while a number of other classes, by means of taxation and other political contrivances, are secured in opulence, it is clear that political power only protects one species of property; and it may be doubted whether its most injurious action be not its habitual violation of the natural rights of

property in the laborer. It tries to protect, we admit, the right of property which it creates, as when it secures to Lord Ellenborough, or the Rev. Mr. Thurlow, the income which it bestows on them in the shape of fees or tithes; but such a right of property is evidently founded on some fixed exactions, and is that violation of the property of the industrious classes which dooms them to indigence.

Our conclusions—to sum them up—are, that there are two systems of society, one superinduced on the other—the natural and the political; and that the former is continually outgrowing and casting aside the latter. Civilisation is the result of the former, and is opposed to the latter—not to nature. Political society, not civilisation, is artificial. The natural system is infinitely powerful compared to the parasitical system wound around it. These points established by rather a long introduction, we come to the theme for the sake of which it was written.

Where is the place of the Fine Arts in the natural system of society? Exotics in our country, patronised by the throne, or by those who sit around it; Sculpture especially, next Painting and Music, having at present their home chiefly in courts, or amongst the politically great; having little or no connexion with the industrious masses, and dove-tailing not in with them who compose, almost exclusively, the natural system of society—the Fine Arts, as now cultivated, form, and have long formed, a part of the political system. Their professors, as the rule, are dependent on the state, or those who derive power from its regulations. They seek pensions and cry aloud for patronage. They are not content, like merchants, and farmers, and manufacturers, with the support of the public. Their situation is one of dependence, and they are too often the flatterers of the politically great. Whatever they might have been in Greece, in modern Europe they are, in the main, anti-democratic. Some well-known exceptions only establish the rule. Our practical purpose is to invite attention to the arts of Sculpture, Music and Painting; under this relation to point out their place in the natural system of society, and excite the professors of these arts, for their own honor and advantage, to occupy it.

Literature has shown them the way, and has taken with her, hand in hand, the democratic and diffusive art of engraving. Books, embellished and illustrated with the greatest care, journals and newspapers of all descriptions, are now published at a cost which brings them within the reach of the humblest classes. Authors, like farmers and cotton-print makers, begin to rely on the masses as their best cus-

tomers. This has effected a great revolution in literature itself. As long as the opulent only were its patrons, it was too often stuffed with foolish errors and false refinement. The aspirations of the poor, and the hopes of the humble, as well as their sufferings, were only lampooned. Their honest efforts to improve their condition, and take a higher place in society, were continually snubbed by the tuft-hunters of literature. They were continually admonished to remain in their condition, and not imitate their betters in acquirements, dress, manners, and language. Literature has now become more manly and independent. Looking to a world-wide market, it must please all customers, and can only do that by being natural. By becoming cheap, it became essentially comprehensive and vigorous, healthy, pure, and truthful. To every class it imparts instruction and amusement. There are hardly any so low but they are cheered in their solitude and their social hours by some kind of reading, or by hearing at second-hand the tales, the jokes, the anecdotes, the information, that are gathered from the journals. In the great natural system of society, and in that division of labor which springs from diversity of sex and diversity of climate, and which pervades the world, literature has taken its appropriate place. No longer the handmaid of any class, it ministers to the pleasures of those who supply food and clothing, quite as much as to those who sit on the throne and direct public affairs. It has outgrown alike the fetters and the blandishments of the politically great, and stands recognised, before the face of Heaven, the helpmate and friend, a part and parcel of the toiling masses.

Of Sculpture nothing like this can be said even in Italy. It provides plaster casts and models of some of the favourites of the people. The busts of Milton, Byron, Scott, Nelson, &c., are now generally accessible, and are cheap and lasting mementos of the noble-minded men the people admire. But in general, clothed in antique drapery, speaking in allegories that only the learned can read, Sculpture only fills the niches of Christian churches, and emblazons the tomb-stones of Christians with figures that are as foreign to the thoughts and life of the Englishman as to those of the Sandwich Islander. To neither our climate nor our manners is Sculpture yet reconciled. She was at home in Greece, where the mythology she still embodies was the creed of the people; where the human figure, unimpeded by dress, was continually exhibited in all its attitudes and vigour; where every man was a practical connoisseur of muscular development, as he is here of mechanical skill; and where a bright pure atmosphere preserved the finest touches of the chisel in all their original

sharpness. In old Rome too, and in modern Italy also, at the revival of the art, where the mythology of the Greeks and the earliest impressions of Christianity were to some extent traditionally preserved, Sculpture was congenial to the then form of society, and did adapt itself to the habits and feelings of the people. Costly in her productions, and speaking only to the initiated few, except as she preserves the forms of national heroes, including the heroes of industry, Sculpture, as now cultivated, seems to have no place in the natural system of society. That system is now developing with amazing rapidity; and to find a place in it, to be honoured by the multitude, she must, like the earthenware manufacturer, perform her task by ministering to their wants. She must not confine herself to the halls of the great — she must ennoble the workshop. She must leave the monsters of fable, the allegories of an irregular fancy, and an ignorant faith, and the garb of a foreign people, to fix in imperishable marble the improvements, the hopes, and the faith of our own people. She must help to raise up and improve the democracy. She must return to labor some reward for the subsistence, the clothing, and the shelter which labor supplies, or she will pass, as society goes onward, into the oblivion which has fallen on the useless Greek fire, and the lost imperial Tyrian dye.

Painting, though diverted from her place by those who preferred the historical to the domestic — the school of West to that of Hogarth — is getting more amongst the people than Sculpture. It is less, however, by her mere works on the canvas, than by her designs for the burin, that she fills the place destined for her in the natural system of society. By both, however, she now appeals to other classes than kings and senators, generals and admirals: and to other feelings than those of admiration for factitious heroes, and of superstitious reverence for mystical or supernatural events. By her vivid representations of rags and roofless cabins — of the daring violators of custom-house regulations — of the victims of game-laws — of criminals, the offspring of legal injustice — by her bold satires of the foolish eccentricities of men armed with power, or endowed with wealth, she has become a great teacher on the side of Nature, and the auxiliary of honest labor. Her charms are prized accordingly. Her fearless exposures have been a great help to liberty. Now that she seeks rewards from administering to the enjoyments of the multitude, she too has become generous and truthful, and is scoffed at when she yet lends her pallet to gild and hide the chains of superstition, or consecrate the deeds of the despot and the man-slayer.

Music, though universally diffused, is less cultivated for the masses than the few. Most of her original compositions are for the great, and only descend to the vulgar when the rich are tired of them. Those who have witnessed the effects of Music amongst different classes, will hardly think that her natural home is the Opera-House. The poorly-fed and hard-worked German student is an enthusiast for music. The infant in arms, and the girl that bears it, dance with delight at the merry sounds of the street musicians. The tired soldier on his march is cheered by a brisk strathspey. The sailor, heaving and treading round with the capstan, works with double spirit when the band plays. After a day's toil, it refreshes and exhilarates the peasant and the artisan. But music at the Opera, for those who are cloyed with pleasure — who come sweltering in food and wine from the clubs — is only adding to a surfeit: it is heaping pleasure on pleasure, till the overloaded sensorium loses all sensibility. The concord of sweet sounds has to struggle for inlet amidst a tumult of feverish sensations, and is often lost in noise. Music, like literature, is in its proper place when it is ministering to the enjoyment of the toiling masses. It seems felt and appreciated when it escapes from the Opera-House to the street, and is really prized and honored when it becomes at once popular and vulgar.

In the natural system of society, art must administer to art. Noisome smells of necessary preparations must be overcome by the perfumer. His skill receives only a small part of its due application when it is limited to the toilette. It must sweeten the work-shop and rob the manufactory of the effluvia which makes it offensive and injurious. So, the proper office of Music is to cheer the laborer. Every man-of-war, every regiment, has a band. Why should not every factory have its orchestra? Why are the ears of workmen to be for ever tortured, when the noises might be made musical or overborne by music? The natural office of the Fine Arts is not merely to add to the pleasures of the opulent, but to diffuse enjoyment amidst the workers. Their professors limit their utility and degrade them from their higher station when they adapt themselves and their works only to the politically great. Classes pass away; industrious man lives for ever. Great wealth, high rank, political power, are but the ephemeral creations of a political system that is fast wearing out; and if the Fine Arts would win a durable hold on the affections of mankind, they must be adapted, not to decaying classes, but to the ever-living multitude.

If events in our own society; if the progress of the people and the success of literature, from

being adapted to the wants of the multitude, make no impression on the professors of Scripture, painting, and music, let them cast their eyes across the Atlantic. There, within a few days' sail or steaming, is a population speaking our language, which promises, while many artists now budding into reputation will still be alive, to amount to more than 100,000,000. Amongst that mighty people there are few or none of those classes for whom the Fine Arts have been exclusively cultivated here. So cultivated, they can have no success there; and instead of sharing in the wealth and power of that great nation, they will be cast aside as the mere accessories and ornaments to a worn-out political system. We are aware of the many temptations which, in the present distribution of property, induce professors and artists of all kinds to worship wealth; but the main gist of our argument is, that the few wealthy have it not in their power, in the long run, to bestow equal rewards to the industrious, though less wealthy many. On the whole, literary men and artists, who work for the great public, are better rewarded now than ever they were, when they ate the bitter bread of royal and noble patronage. Unfortunately the Fine Arts have been tempted and perverted by the politically great. Springing from nature — for Music, Sculpture, and Painting are not decreed and regulated by law — they really belong to the natural system of society, and their sole end and destination, their true place in that great system, is to give pleasure to those who minister to the physical wants of the community.

SKETCH OF A GENTLEMAN. — Moderation, decorum, and neatness distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming table, inebriety, or any other foible that could occasion self reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection he rejoices to see the gaities of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little importance. *Appear* only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt; *be* a gentleman, and its honors will remain even after you are dead.

BASING HOUSE, ITS BESIEGED AND ITS BESIEGERS.

The ancient town of Basingstoke, standing at the junction of five roads, commanded a considerable trade in the time of the civil wars. Interesting in modern days to lovers of literature as the birthplace of the lettered Warton family, it was important in those of Cromwell from its trade in corn, and its position as a sort of key to the south-west. About two miles from Basingstoke stood the far-famed house of Basing. This, we are told by a modern historian, had long infested the parliament in those quarters, and had been especially "a great eye-sorrow" to the trade of London and the western parts. It may have proved in the decline of life, and when conscience stood by his bedside, and reviewed, till reason broke down under the stern array, the misdeeds of the past, an "eye-sorrow" to Cromwell himself. Yes, if ever outraged innocence and wanton, savage wickedness called for Divine justice to avenge it signally, the destruction of Basing was the deed.

Old Basing House was distinguished in remote time as the scene of military exploits. In the reign of Henry III. it was fortified by royal permission. It was not until the time of Henry VI. that it became the property of the Paulets, who acquired it by marriage. The place from whence this family derived their name no longer exists, or, in the words of Leland, the mansion is "clene doune, though still it beareth the name of Paulette, and is three miles from Bridgewater."

The history of the House of Paulet is destitute of all romance and adventure until the Great Rebellion. Sir William Paulet was the first remarkable person of his race. He was created by Henry VIII. Baron St. John of Basing. Edward VI. added the honors of Earl of Wiltshire and Marquess of Winchester; Mary never withdrew from him her favor; and he officiated as lord treasurer to Elizabeth not fewer than thirty years. He said of himself, "I was the willow and not the oak," and posterity acknowledges that he understood the courtier's craft thoroughly, — yea, and taught it to others also.

But, not to good fortune alone, or even to suppleness of character, was the prosperity of the great marquess to be attributed. It was the "result of a sincere loyalty; of a sagacity which confines itself to its proper objects; and of a zeal in the public service wholly uninfluenced by ambition." His life was extended to his ninety-seventh year; and it is a remarkable fact, that of the hundred and three descendants whom he left, not *one* ever met with the too common fate of loyalty in those days. "The axe

has never yet *reeked* with the blood of a Paulette, nor have their estates in any instance fallen under the scourge of attainder."

The following lines, preserved by Dr. Birch, comprised, according to tradition, the old marquess's political craft, and explained his success and security, —

"Wine and women I forswear:
My heels and feet I keep from cold,
No marvel then though I be old;
I am a willow, not an oak,
I chide, but never hurt with stroke."

During the course of this long career, the individual of whom we write erected at Basing, where he died, that famous residence, the splendour of which was the pride of England, and even of England's queen. So vast an expense in living here was entailed upon his successors, that, according to Camden, they took a certain means of reducing the burden. "It was so overpowered," says the chronicler, "by its own weight, that they have been forced to pull down a part of it." Of what it was, even in this reduced condition, a survey taken so late as 1698 may afford some slight idea; and from this it appears, that the area of the entire works, including the gardens and entrenchments, occupied fourteen acres and a half.

The interior of Basing House fully corresponded to the stateliness of its exterior form. The rooms were completely furnished, a circumstance which, in our own times, we should take for granted, but which was by no means implied in those ruder days; and when the immense extent of the buildings is considered, this assertion appears by no means to be matter of course. In one of the apartments was a bed which cost one thousand three hundred pounds. "Popish books many" — such was the account of the famous Mr. Peters, who described Basing to the parliament — "with copes, and such utensils:" in truth, the house stood in its full pride.

In this splendid abode, the first Marquess of Winchester entertained Queen Elizabeth "with all good cheer;" and so greatly was the queen delighted both with her host and her reception, that she playfully exclaimed, "If my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find in my heart to have him for a husband before any man in England." The scythe of death carried off, even in the lifetime of Elizabeth, the three noble successors of the first marquess; but she lived again to visit Basing, and again to entail, not only upon her subjects, but on the royal treasury, grievous expenses, regretted by all wise councillors. Magnificent preparations were made

for the expensive honor of her presence, and throughout thirteen days the ruinous revelry was carried on. During her sojourn there, the Duc de Biron, ambassador from France, accompanied by the Count d'Auvergne, the natural son of Charles IX., and by a great retinue of noblemen and gentlemen, arrived in the neighbourhood of Basing. They took up their abode in the Vine, in Hampshire, then the residence of the Sandys, and now of the Chute family. To this house, sevenscore beds and furniture, brought "by the willing and obedient people of the countie of Southampton," were conveyed in two days; whilst plate and hangings were sent from the Tower and Hampton Court, at the queen's bidding. From the Vine, so called from its being the spot on which vines were first planted in the reign of the Emperor Probus, the Duc de Biron repaired to Basing, where he was present at the reception of the queen. He was conducted to this his first interview by the sheriff of the county, whom the queen had despatched to meet him. Then came Elizabeth forth, royally mounted, with her accustomed state. As she approached the appointed spot, where De Biron awaited her greeting, the high sheriff, who rode before her, bareheaded, checked his horse, and, supposing that her majesty would then have saluted the duke, brought the cavalcade to a stand. But Elizabeth, who well understood the art of effect, and whose pride of deportment was based, not on a petty self-importance, but upon a knowledge of the weakness of others, marked her displeasure at this arrangement. It was not her place to offer, *first*, to the subject of any other sovereign, a signal of her notice. She bade the high sheriff — one can conceive the tribulation of the good country gentleman — "Go on!" Then she rode forward, the duke following her bareheaded, for about twenty yards. Elizabeth vouchsafed to look round, and, taking off her mask, courteously saluted the ambassador.

At Basing House, Elizabeth made ten knights; the greatest number that she had ever dubbed at one time. Her days were passed in returning De Biron's visit, and in hunting and banqueting with the ambassador. And she boasted at her departure, that she had done that in Hampshire which neither she nor any of her ancestors, nor any prince in Christendom, had ever done elsewhere: she "had, in her progresses, entertained a royal ambassador, and had royally entertained him." And long did her subjects feel the truth of this boast. During the following year, the poor marquess was obliged to dispose of a portion of his property. That which he selected was the estate of the dissolved monastery of Augustine Friars, seated in Broad Street Ward, in London, and granted by Henry VIII. to the

first marquess. This house was called sometimes Winchester House, sometimes Paulet House. The purchaser was John Swinnerton, a branch of the ancient family of Swinnerton, in Staffordshire; whence descended the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The marquess was embarrassed also by the expense of a numerous family. He had six sons; of whom the third, John, succeeded him. But the present Marquess of Winchester is descended from a younger brother, Henry, who left issue, John, fifth Marquess: and the defender of Basing was, according to Dryden, one of those truly great and good men whose light shines forth resplendent in a naughty world, in which they are but sojourners for a high purpose. Example: —

"Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns, given
To earth, were meant for ornaments in Heaven."

He was, as in his prose epitaph it is expressed, "a man of exemplary piety towards God, and of inviolable fidelity towards his sovereign."

We hear little of Basing House or its noble owners from this period up to the beginning of the great civil war. Their hospitalities had much embarrassed them; nor was it till the accession of the fifth marquess that any decided progress was made in clearing the estates. He, indeed, being an excellent manager, just contrived to get himself free when Charles I. raised his standard. The marquess took his part at once. He put into the king's hands all his savings. He caused to be engraved upon every pane of glass in his house the motto of which his descendants are still justly proud, — "Ayez loyauté." He stood and repulsed two assaults, having no garrison to help him except his own domestic servants; and cheerfully consented to the fortification of his residence, and to its establishment as a place of arms in the hands of the king. Commanding the great road from the west part of London, it stood directly in the line of communication; and its gallant proprietor being a Roman Catholic, the Puritans affected to consider it as much a religious duty, as it certainly was of importance to their cause, to wrest it from him.

In November, 1643, Sir William Waller for nine days lay before the house, and, after three times attempting to storm it, was repulsed to Farnham. In the following spring, a still more formidable endeavour was made to starve the garrison, by ravaging all the country between Oxford and Basingstoke. The marquess, therefore, petitioned the lords of the council to provide for his relief and the safety of his person; and his entreaties were seconded by his lady, who remained in Oxford, and were backed by

all the Roman Catholics in that city. The council were well disposed to grant the required aid, but many difficulties stood in the way. Basing was forty miles distant from Oxford, and a strong garrison of the enemy lay at Abingdon; so that it appeared impossible to send a company to Basing without being intercepted. New opportunities from the marquess, and an intimation that he could not hold it ten days, led, however, to one of the most gallant undertakings even of that memorable and chivalrous period. Colonel Gage declared, in the council, — "That though he thought the service full of hazard, especially on the return, yet, if a good troop or two of horse could be raised, by enlisting their lordships' servants, he would, if there were nobody else thought fitter for it, undertake the conduct of them himself, and hoped he should give a good account of it;" and as not only the courage, but the prudence of Colonel Gage could be depended upon, the noble offer was cheerfully accepted.

The garrison at Basing, meantime, offered a gallant defence against Colonel Norton, whose forces advanced so near as to carry away three horses from the park. The place was fortified rather with strength than regularity; but the marquess made the most of his scanty means. He divided his people into three bodies, keeping two thirds on duty, whilst the other rested. Every vulnerable point was guarded; and continually, after night-fall, the enemy's quarters were broken up, and many a house in which they sheltered themselves committed to the flames.

Meanwhile the gallant Colonel Gage was leading his volunteers from Oxford. They consisted of the confidential servants of the nobles who attended on the king, with two hundred and fifty gentlemen, brave men and true, all masked; amounting in the whole to four hundred. They had put on, before quitting Oxford, orange scarfs, hoping to be mistaken for the parliament's men; but, on encountering a small band of the enemy, they forgot that purpose, and fell upon their foes, so that news of their approach were carried to Basing. On, however, they marched, the horsemen often dismounting to allow the foot to ride, and others taking up men behind them. Nevertheless their weariness was excessive.

They left Oxford on Monday night, and on Wednesday morning arrived within a mile of Basing; where a notice reached them that an auxiliary force which they had expected from Winchester could not venture so far. This was a great disappointment, and broke all Colonel Gage's measures. He had resolved to attack the enemy on several points at once; he now

determined to fall on them in one body. With this view he formed in battalion, and riding to every squadron to give them a proper address for the occasion (uttered with the grace of a hero and a cavalier), he commanded each of them to tie a white tape or handkerchief above the elbow of his right-arm, and giving the word, "St. George!" prepared to march towards the house. The word and the signal of the handkerchief had been communicated to the marquess, lest in his sallies he should fall upon his friends. They had not marched far, when, upon a gentle rising, they perceived five cornets of horse standing in good order to receive them; and, before any impression could be made on these, the colonel had to pass through a lane lined with musqueteers. But he *did* pass. The horse, sustaining a good fire, charged the enemy home; and, in spite of the known courage of Norton, drove them from the field. A free entrance into the house was gained on that side where the colonel stayed only to salute the marquess, and to put in the ammunition he had brought with him. He retired to Basingstoke, where he found ample stores of provisions, of which he despatched as much as he could find horses or carts to transport to the house, together with fourteen barrels of powder, some muskets, forty or fifty head of cattle, and above a hundred sheep.

The marquess, thus recruited, continued to defend his mansion; and the Royalists throughout the country gave it the appellation of Loyalty House: yet, beneath its roof there beat one dastardly, dishonourable heart; and the marquess discovered in his own brother, Lord Edward, a base plotter against himself and his sovereign — that unworthy son of a noble race having engaged to betray Basing House to the enemy. This scheme was disclosed by Sir Richard Greenvil, who was sent by the Parliament to take Basing; but he proving false to his employers, went to Oxford, where he apprised the king of the plot, and the conspiracy was thence disclosed to the marquess, who immediately seized his brother, and all the other conspirators, whom he punished, contenting himself with turning his brother out of the house.

The siege went on, but the enemy began to be grievously discouraged. Nevertheless, in Colonel Norton's absence, the acting colonel, Herbert Morley, ambitious for the honor of taking Basing, thought proper, in the month of July, to summon the marquess. It was a fast day among the Royalists, when the following demand was sent in to the beleaguered castle: —

"My Lord, — To avoid the effusion of Christian blood, I have thought fit to send your lordship this summons, to demand Basing House to

be delivered to me for the use of the King and Parliament. If this be refused, the ensuing inconveniences will rest upon yourself. I desire your speedy answer. And rest, my lord,

"Your humble servant,

"HERBERT MORLEY."

To which the following fearless reply was returned:—

"Sir,—It is a crooked demand, and shall receive its answer suitable. I keep the house in the right of my sovereign, and will do it in despite of your forces. Your letter I will preserve in testimony of your rebellion.

"WINCHESTER."

This letter was endorsed with the words, "Haste! haste! haste! post haste." It was greeted by Morley with a "choller," which "spoke from his gunnes." Such is the expression used in a journal of the siege, drawn up and printed under the authority of the marquess in the following year.

For some days after this, the enemy's cannon played on the water-house: whilst a bonfire in the park, and two volleys, bespoke the welcome to Norton, who returned that day.

The garrison were now becoming exhausted. It was in vain that the marquess, by his bravery in continual sallies, and by his admirable arrangements, tried to keep up the spirits of his men—their strength had given way. It became necessary to divide the duty from forty-eight hours into twenty-four,—the gentlemen and troopers sharing alike, and the gay cavaliers participating in the sallies with the foot soldiers, and going out with muskets or brownbill, as it happened; keeping their horses for seven weeks fed with grass and sedge. "Whilst in the nights they cut under command of the rebels' workes with hazard of their lives."

The marquess, meantime, ran every risk, and exposed himself to danger with the coolness of a veteran. On the 3d of July, 1644, a musket-ball penetrated his clothes; a few days afterwards he was wounded. But his spirits remained undaunted.

Perceiving it to be the intention of the rebels rather to starve than to storm the house, the sallies were resumed with a desperate energy; and the enemy now found it necessary to double their guard. "In the parke side," writes the annalist of the siege, "their lines advance to our platformes, and their work by the wood forwarded; liberally bestowing great shot, stones, and granades, of which they send us of three severall sortes, besides their hand granades." During all these encounters, the enemy were fast diminishing in numbers. At length Colonel Norton abandoned the attack; he was succeeded

by Colonel Harvey, with no better fortune. Finally, Sir William Waller, "the Conqueror," as he was called, advanced to beleaguer Basing House, with an army of seven thousand three hundred men.

The eyes of all England were now turned upon this memorable siege; and Charles, amid the various events of the war, found none so interesting. The Parliamentarians themselves revered the fearless and disinterested marquess; and "blushed," whilst they looked around in vain among their numerous partisans for a volunteer who fought neither for glory nor spoil; who had every thing to lose and nothing to gain; and who had turned suddenly round from the tedious and painful redemption of his patrimony to ruin it in the cause of his sovereign. Yet was this no matter of surprise, for the man who is faithful to his private trusts is generally certain to shine when the stern conflict between duty and interest calls him into a public career.

Waller was repulsed by the bravery of the heroes of Basing, and his threats only heightened their courage. The place began to be deemed impregnable; there was a conviction among the garrison that their defence was prospered by a Power higher than man. "Seldome," observes the historian of the siege, "hath been a siege wherein the preservation of the place more immediately might be imputed to the hand of God."

It was, however, destined that the cause of monarchy should, in this kingdom, fail for a season. The battle of Naseby broke the spirits of the Royalists, and contributed to render Cromwell invincible. Hitherto it seemed that "God had chosen the weak to confound the strong;" but Basing was soon destined to fall—to be for ever razed off from the earth—for Cromwell advanced against it in person.

The Marquess of Winchester, when apprised of the large force that was coming against him, seems to have felt that all was lost. Cromwell, well called the "Conqueror," had acquired that name, far less by his personal courage than by his deep policy and admirably clear intellect.

His own regiment, "Cromwell's Ironsides," owed much to his instruction in military tactics; they were men whose shrewd intellects he had cultivated before he led them to the field; still more, they were fanatics, into whose half-educated and presumptuous minds he had instilled that frantic enthusiasm which was at once their motive and their bond. He had tried their metal before he trusted them in combat.

The sobriety of his troop, their hardy habits, their exact discipline, their fond attachment to their general, his intimate acquaintance with their names and characters, and the interest he

professed to take in their welfare, — all combined to cement that compact, without which no arm of flesh can prevail. And at the head of this regiment he appeared before Basing.

The religion of the Ironsides, however expressive in phrases and fastings, was no guarantee of their mercy. Indeed, with all his great powers, extorting a reluctant admiration, with all his great and beneficial designs, when Protector, there never lived an English general on whose head the curses of posterity might rest with greater justice than on that of Cromwell. The desecration of Peterborough and Ely had already shewn which way *his* faith tended.

The barbarities which he licensed in Ireland, "where his progress was one of blood and misery," attest that no sudden impulse, no flush of success, palliated his cruelty — it was a part of the man's nature.

With all his fiercer feelings excited, Cromwell marched upon Basing. Winchester and its castle were taken. This was on the 28th of September, or, as Cromwell calls it, "the Lord's Day," 1645. That city had surrendered, greatly to Cromwell's satisfaction, for, as he wrote to the Speaker, "it is very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storm." Flushed with victory, "the lieutenant-general," — I here borrow the words of Mr. Carlyle, — "gathering all the artillery he can lay hold of, firing about two or three hundred shot at some given point, till he sees a hole made, and then storming like a fire-flood — he, perhaps, may manage it."

On the 14th of October, the following memorable words were written by Cromwell to Lenthall, then Speaker: — "Sir, I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing." It now remains a mournful task to record those acts of destruction of which this "good account" is composed.

After the batteries were placed, the different posts were settled for "the storm," for no terms of surrender were proposed. In three different places was the assault made, and, at six o'clock in the morning, the signal for firing was given. The men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness; "and we took," relates Cromwell, "the two houses, without any considerable loss to ourselves." When Colonel Pickering had stormed the new house, passed through, and had taken the gate off the old house, the besieged summoned a parley, which was refused.

In the meantime, an assault was made by two regiments on the strongest work, where the marquis kept his court of guard. The garrison were driven out. Then the besiegers drew their ladders after them, and got over another work and the house wall before they could enter. In this attack, Sir Hardrep Waller, who com-

manded one of Cromwell's regiments, was wounded.

Then the troops rushed into the house, filled its courts, crowded into its chambers, and glutted the long-cherished vengeance of their leaders in that one dark hour. Above them rose the fine old towers which had so often defied them.

In the several rooms, and about the house, lay seventy-four persons, butchered, — some at rest, others expiring in agonies; and these the brave and disinterested defenders of a failing cause. "There lay upon the ground Major Cuffie, a man of great account amongst the cavaliers, and a notorious papist; he was slain by the hands of Major Harrison, a godly and a gallant gentleman — all know him; and Robinson the player, who, a little before the storm, was known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament and our army." (Such are the words of Mr. Peters, who was employed to take a survey of Basing.) On this poor actor they took, indeed, a stern revenge for a few light words. In the midst of the carnage, eight or nine gentlewomen were seen "running forth together" for aid. These fell into the hands of the common soldiers. Whilst cries of anguish ascended to the roof of those chambers, once resounding to the cheerful voices of an honored and prosperous family, a lady, the daughter of a Dr. Griffith, raised her voice, and, by her railing, "provoked our soldiers," writes the saintly Peters, "into a further passion."

The work of pillage continued until Tuesday night, and rich was the booty. One soldier had one hundred and twenty pieces of gold for his share; others, plate; others, jewels. Among the rest, one got three bags of silver, of which he (not being able to keep his counsel) was soon pillaged by the rest. The stores of wheat and provisions in the house were sold at a high rate to the country people; but the markets were soon over-stocked, and the price fell. Indeed, provisions for years, rather than for months, were found in the cellars — "four hundred quarters of wheat; bacon, divers rooms full, containing hundreds of flitches; cheeses proportionable; with oatmeal, beef, pork, beer, divers cellars full, and very good." To that Mr. Peters could bear testimony.

After disposing of the eatables, the plunderers sold the household stuff; many cartloads of valuable furniture being sent off into the country, and disposed of to the peasantry and farmers by piecemeal. What plunder left untouched, fire consumed. Owing to the neglect of the besieged in quenching a fireball, a conflagration ensued; and now comes the greatest horror of this fearful scene. The soldiers had scarcely completed their pillage — they had taken from

the windows the last iron bar—they had ripped all the lead from every gutter—they were almost sated with blood and spoil, when the avenging flames drove them from their work. But not on them alone were the terrors of the scene imparted. From the vaults of the house cries for quarter arose from voices in agony, and were heard until stifled by the smoke, and hushed for ever. "Our men," writes Mr. Peters, "could neither come to them, nor they to us." Three hundred prisoners were taken; a hundred bodies were discovered lying beneath the rubbish of the buildings.

In less than twenty hours, Basing house was but a heap of ruins. The fire raged fiercely, and with more than ordinary rapidity, leaving nothing but bare walls and chimneys. Well may Mr. Carlyle call this "a grim old scene!" although, blinded, as they of old were, by his wonderful idolatry of Cromwell, and by his hatred (let us not call it *zeal*) of Romanism, he passes over this *chef d'œuvre* of cruelty without a single comment of reprobation.

What, during all this time, became of the Marquess of Winchester? Previous to the storming of the castle, he had, it appears, "been pressed by Mr. Peters to yield it before it came to storm;" upon which the hero broke out into a fury, and said, that "if the king had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would adventure it as he did, and maintain it to the uttermost." But he was silenced, it seemed, by Mr. Peters' arguments about the king and the parliament, and could only hope that "the king might have a day again."

The marquess was made prisoner. According to a rare tract preserved amid much similar rubbish in the British Museum, he was found concealed in an oven, "numbering his beads very privately." Whether this be true or not, sure it is that the brave marquess was seen animating his garrison to the very last. But who could resist such numbers, such discipline, and determination? The reflections of Mr. Peters on this event are truly edifying:—"And thus the Lord was pleased, in a few hours to shew us what mortal all earthly glory grows upon, and how just and righteous the ways of God are, who takes sinners in their own snares, and lifteth up the hands of his despised people." In a similar spirit is the tract before alluded to commenced. It shews the taste and temper of the party then triumphant. It is entitled *A Looking-glass for the Popish Garrisons, held forth in the Life and Death of Basing House, 1645*, and begins thus:—"What, my malignant friends! hang down your heads? Basing House taken without ceremony? 'Tis a miracle! What served the new-dubbed governor, Sir

Robert Peak? What served the religious and mighty lord marquess? Would he invoke none of the saints? It is wonder, for the man was very serious at his devotions; no Pharisee, be assured!"

In this manner were the conscientious Roman Catholics taunted by various bigots and political partisans. Cromwell lent himself to those low and slanderous attacks for his own purposes. One can never suppose that his intolerance was real: about as real, perhaps, as his religion.

The night before the storming of Basing, he had passed chiefly in prayer. "He seldom," writes Mr. Peters, "fights without some text of Scripture to support him." On that occasion he "rested on that blessed word of God, the eighth verse of the 115th Psalm, 'They that made them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth them;' which, with some verses going before, was now accomplished." Thus armed with the most dangerous of all weapons, perverted religion, the general went forth to blast and to destroy. It is singular to find, in the nineteenth century, an approving testimony to such a deed, to such hypocrisy—"Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us, but unto thy name the glory." "These words," says Mr. Carlyle, quoting the whole of that fine and sacred passage which is commenced by those expressions, "were in Oliver's heart that night!" Basing was the twentieth garrison that had been taken by the Parliamentary army that summer; "and I believe," writes the odious Mr. Peters, "most of them the answers to the prayers and trophies of the faith of some of God's servants." The last closing act was to carry away from the ruins of Basing House the marquess's own colours, the motto of which, *Donet pax redeat terris*, was the very motto adopted by King Charles on his coronation day. Mr. Peters received 200*l.* a year for his services, and his letter was read in all pulpits on the following Sunday by order of the Parliament.

It was the advice of Cromwell that Basing House should be suffered to fall wholly into decay. Whether he dreaded lest the associations of the old place should keep up the fuel of royalty in the hearts of the country people, or whether he thought that the enormities committed there had best "be interred with the bones" of those who lay mangled amid its ruins, or whether solely for the reasons which he stated to the Parliament, he judged it best to let it sink and fall away, we cannot judge. "I humbly offer to you," thus wrote he to the Speaker Lenthall, "to have this place utterly slighted for these following reasons: it will ask eight hundred men to manage it; it is no position; the country is poor about it; the place exceedingly

ruined by our batteries and mortar pieces, and by a fire which fell upon the place since our taking it." He, therefore, recommends a garrison being formed at Newbury, adding, "and I believe the gentlemen of Sussex and Hampshire will, with more cheerfulness, contribute to maintain a garrison on the frontier, than in their bowels, which will have less safety in it."

Accordingly, Basing House was to be carted away, and the following notice was put forth: "Whosoever will come for brick and stone shall freely have the same for his pains."

The brave defender of Basing House suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower. Like Raleigh, he strove to lighten the pressure of his solitude by the indulgence of a literary taste, and composed several treatises, of which almost all were published after his release. Among these may be enumerated *The Gallery of Heroic Women*, a translation from the French. He seems likewise to have watched with deep interest the falling fortunes of his master, and to have mourned, as for a brother, over every true man who laid down his life for the cause.

At last his enemies released him, and he retired to his estate of Englefield, where, in the year 1674, he expired, having lived to see the Restoration, and to be taught, with many others, that there was no gratitude in princes, at least in princes of the house of Stuart.

The Marquess of Winchester married, in succession, three wives. His first was that Lady Jane Savage of whom Francis Howell, who taught her Spanish, said, "that Nature and the Graces exhausted all their treasures and skill in framing the exact model of female perfection;" and upon whom, in the seclusion of Christ's College, Cambridge, Milton composed his well-known epitaph.* She died in child-bed of her third son, at the early age of twenty-three.† His choice fell next upon the Lady Honora, daughter of Richard Burgh, earl of St. Albans,

* Milton's beautiful but quaint epitaph must be familiar to our readers:—

"This rich marble doth inter
The honor'd wife of Winchester."

† "Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death"

Thus runs her epitaph. The poet goes on to say:—

"Once had the early matrons run
To greet her with a lovely son."

But, when with second hopes she goes, Atropos, and not Lucina, came to her childbirth:—

"But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came;
And, with remorseless cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree;
The hapless babe, before its birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth."

and granddaughter of that great statesman, Sir Francis Walsingham; and, lastly, on her demise, he took to wife Isabella Howard, the daughter of Viscount Stafford, and a descendant of that Duke of Buckingham who, on account of his unfortunate connexion with the blood-royal, is called, in Dryden's epitaph to Lord Winchester, Prince Edward Stafford.

The end of this brave nobleman was peaceful and holy. Let us see how it fared, in their latter days, with the principal actors in the tragedy of Basing.

Harrison, who, as Sir Walter Scott expresses it, "had followed the man Cromwell as close as the bull-dog follows his master," is known to have expired in all the agonies of retributive justice—retributive even upon earth. That he was a fanatic, half mad, a compound of avarice and hypocrisy, and of a blind enthusiasm, seems the only palliative; a fifth-monarchy man, ready at the bidding of his crafty and most sagacious leader to "pluck down from his high place the man whom they call Speaker, even as he lent a poor hand to pluck down the man whom they call King." It is impossible to dis sever one's impressions of this misguided wretch from the incomparable portrait of him in *Woodstock*. That portraiture appears, in the main, to have been founded on truth. The self-deceiving, yet remorseful culprit, startled by a dream, harrowed and appalled by a shadow—the successful plunderer, conscious of a worm within that never could die, whilst the remembrance of Robinson the player, whom he brutally slew at Basing, held its seat in his brain. These are all depicted by Walter Scott, upon authorities so scattered, that it were difficult to trace them. Scott may not be the truest historian, but he is the best historical painter that ever wrote in English.

The details of Cromwell's last years are verified, and afford copious proofs of the retribution which falls upon the heads of the merciless, when seemingly the most prosperous. In the words of Hume, "All his acts of policy were exhausted; and having so often, by fraud and false pretences, deceived every party, and almost every individual, he could no longer hope, by repeating the same professions, to meet with equal confidence and regard."

The consciousness of this truth, added to the intrusion of painful recollections, affected, there is no doubt, even the strong mind and animal spirits of Cromwell. His mother, who died in 1654, presented a sort of type of his own secret fears. She was never satisfied unless she heard of him twice a-day; she could not conquer her fears of his being assassinated. When the sound of a pistol-shot reached her ears, she exclaimed,

"My son is shot!" What mattered it that these terrors came to her maternal and affrighted heart, sleeping or waking, beneath the rich canopies of Whitehall, where she witnessed her son's exaltation? They were such terrors as render the brightest scenes terrible, the richest luxuries loathsome.

That the Protector never knew one moment's peace, that his fears were continual and well-founded, there is every proof. But in the illness and death of his daughter, Mrs. Claypole, was the bitterest of his trials. With what emotions he stood by her bedside, heard her reproaches for his wickedness, and strove vainly to believe them only the ravings of delirium, it is not easy to explain. Sinking under a wretched, consuming disease; haunted by perpetual alarm walking abroad; at home, amid the happy and the free, with a coat of mail underneath his clothes, a pair of loaded pistols at his belt; can it be doubted but that his career formed his own punishment,—that Basing House and his victims there were avenged?

What an existence! He watched every expression of countenance or language in others, "especially if they seemed joyful." He never came back from any place the way he went; never travelled on the common road: he sped along as if pursued; he had many different locks and keys for his house and chambers; he seldom slept long in the same apartment, and never in any that had not several doors, and access to them by two or three back-stairs. Guards there were in all of them. What bed-rooms, what repose, what awakenings! Then it was his constant custom to change his residence, as if in new scenes to seek security, or to find that tranquillity which he was never more to know. His coach was known afar off by the galloping of the horses, and the guards crowding around it, within it, about it. At one time, he thought he was to be stabbed; at another time, poisoned. He redoubled his precautions, and those who waited on him, and who had formerly only swords at their sides, were now to wear pistols. What attendants! What repasts must they have been, waited on by creatures looking like armed bravoës! Reason began to totter; his hand shook when he wrote his signature; and there were many times when the Protector ran round and about the house and into the garden like one distracted, or rode out with little company, shrinking from the converse of happier spirits than his own. The attempt of Lyndercombe to blow up Whitehall, by introducing combustibles into the chapel, taught him a new source of panic. Where was the unhappy, proscribed wretch to rest?

His appearance was still that of a man in

health, and young for his age—fifty-nine. But the strength of that mighty frame, which had endured so many hardships, was undermined by his previous course of life, and by his inward consciousness of its failure in promoting any permanent result to his country. Often was he heard to utter, with a sigh, these words,— "A burden too heavy for man!" referring to his labors of hand and head, his toils, his perils, his sorrows.

At last he was released. It is true that on his death-bed his spirits were buoyed up by a false, fanatical hope, and a distorted view of those holy truths upon which his life had been a libel. But what of that? Did that circumstance lessen the true miseries of his situation? It was in vain that long fasts and public prayers were held; in vain that his preachers declared, as a message from the Almighty, that he *should* recover; in vain that he himself had declared that from the same inscrutable source assurance had been given that he should be restored,—he died. No remorse was expressed by him, even to the last; but that fatal self-delusion—that awful trust—was it not more dreadful to witness than even the most fearful pangs of conscience? Amid the howlings of a most destructive tempest passed away that benighted spirit,—so glorious in many of its attributes, so mean, so base, in some. As he lay expiring, beneath his very windows trees were torn up in St. James's Park, ships were dashed against the coasts, and houses shattered to the ground,—

"His last breath shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile."

"He died," said Carrington, one of his satellites, "in a bed of baubles and on a pillow of caskets; and though the wreaths of the imperial laurel which environed his head did wither at the groans of his agony, it was only to make place for a richer diadem which was prepared for him in Heaven." Such was the incense which now defiled his grave, as it had disgraced his career in life.

How different all this to the calm, holy, retired close of the good Marquess of Winchester's irreproachable existence! As he sowed, so did he reap. — *Frazer's Magazine.*

Plutarch tells us that a man should not suffer himself to hate even his enemies; because in hating them, he will contract such a vicious habit of mind as will by degrees break out upon his friends, or upon those who are indifferent to him.

COLLECTANEA.

THE USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL CHARACTER
OF LEARNING.

"Who can estimate the difference between civilization and savageism — between the refinement of a European city and the crepuscular light of an African horde between the American nation, as it now stands in all its splendor and its power, and the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, as they gazed with wonder at the appearance of Columbus? What is there great or good, elegant or useful, for which mankind are not indebted to the influence of learning? It has reared up cities, and founded empires. It has conquered the earth, the sea, and the air, and subjected them all to the will of man. It has filled the earth not only with comforts, but with luxuries, not only with needful things, but with an endless variety of pleasures. It has perfected, equally, the art of war, and the arts of peace. It regulates the movements of armies, and controls the destinies of nations. It navigates the ocean, spans the cataract, and reclaims the forest. It elevates valleys, and depresses hills. It introduces nations to teach other, and imparts to all the peculiar products and commodities of each. It unfolds the mysteries of nature, and teaches man to "look through nature up to nature's God." It enchains the lightning, converses with the stars, and traces comets in their fearful course. It subjects the elements to this power, and rides, like a conqueror, over earth and sea, by the magic power of resistless steam. It is seen in the canal, the tunnel, and the aqueduct. It is seen in the elegant mansion, and the noble ship, in the commanding fortress, and the lofty spire. It is seen in the breathing canvass and the speaking marble.

"It is seen in the wisdom of philosophy, the usefulness of history, and the elegance of poetry. It calls up the spirit of the mighty dead, and makes us acquainted with the master-minds of every age and nation. It travels with the traveler and accompanies the adventurous explorer in his voyage of discovery. It instructs us in the customs and religion, the laws and polity, of every people upon earth. It develops the arcana of the human mind, and the wonderful structure of the human frame. It restores health, and prolongs existence. It ascertains the causes of disease, applies a remedy to every ill, and vindicates the divinity of the healing art. It expounds the tenets and enforces the sanctions, of religion. It is seen in the power of eloquence over the passions of the multitude, as it now rouses them to fury, and now subdues them into calmness. It is felt

in the magic influence of poetry, as it animates to war or melts to love, as it nerves the patriot in his country's cause, or "takes the captive soul, and laps it in Elysium." But who can describe the power, or the domain of learning! Extending over all nature, its power is every thing in the material world, and in the human heart. It is the peculiar and distinguishing attribute of man. It is the pride of youth, and the companion of old age, the grace of prosperity, and the consolation of misfortune. It conducts man with dignity through the chequered scenes of life, and teaches him how he may enter, finally, through the gloomy portals of the grave, into the blissful mansions of eternal rest.

"Such, and so great, are the uses, and advantages of knowledge: of which it may be truly said, that like the decorated pillars of a temple, it constitutes equally the strength and beauty of the great structure of society." — *Hon. Henry L. Pinckney.*

WHAT WOULD DR. JOHNSON SAY?

The London Quarterly indirectly asks, what would DR. JOHNSON have said, if he had been told, 64 years ago, that the tiny volume of steam issuing from the spout of his black iron teakettle was a power competent to rebuke the waves, and set even the hurricane at defiance? The learned Doctor has himself answered the question of the learned reviewer in an article in the "Adventurer," of October 16, 1783:

"Men unaccustomed to reason and researches think every enterprise impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at projectors would consider a flight through the air in a chariot, *and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally dreams of mechanic lunacy*, and would hear with equal negligence of *the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal*, and the scheme of Albuquerque, the Viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea."

The Thames and Severn *are* united by a canal, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water is no longer a novelty. "Let men take a lesson from their amazement at the past and present, and cease to prophesy against the future."

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

In Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of the year, and not unfrequently to a depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valleys in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets. In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensable, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a Company of Skaters, dressed in the dark-green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron-pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The staff is also indispensable as affording a rest for their pieces when they fire. Their skates are of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace, like the present, an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancestors of the Normans, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the god Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remarkable for his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. The exercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other gymnastics; but Klopstock, Goethe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland, it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness, but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis

XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices, and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows, by a writer who takes his facts from a French historian.

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapour, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapours rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

"A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night-wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the

requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the waters, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But any thing was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Catherine B. was wedded in early youth to the husband of her choice. She had a heart kind and discreet. She had cultivated sound sense and prudence. Her reading had been rather select than extensive. The Holy Bible was her companion. "She opened her mouth with wisdom, and on her lips was the law of kindness." She was neither a politician, nor a polemic; she shunned both. Loud speaking and passion she deemed the sure evidence of ill-breeding; and the vice of the scold, degrading equally to the dignity of the wife, and the purity of the Christian. She strove to sustain the greatest propriety in speech, as well as deportment. She contradicted not her husband, even when he was wrong. But she did something more to her honor and his; she persuaded; and by obeying him, she gained an increasing influence over his heart. She is always happiest when at home. She combines taste and neatness with economy; and with the Roman, she gives a practical proof that she believes cleanliness to be one of the virtues. She cultivates an habitual cheerfulness. Her husband's return—often in weariness and dejection—is greeted with a cordial welcome, and more in manner than in words. His friends she fails not to receive with dignity, modesty, and affability. He has long been convinced by the sweetest experience, that a smiling fire-side, and a happy wife and children, are the best cures for a man's heart-aches. This lovely woman has converted her family into a paradise. Constrained by her courteous and winning exhibition of the gospel, and its precious fruits, her husband

has not only espoused a profession of the Christian faith; but with a firmness of purpose, and ardor of devotion, he now takes the lead of even his Catharine.—*Ref. Dutch Mag.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have before us a list of the Periodical Publications, that is to say, Reviews and Magazines, which are now published in Germany. This list exemplifies in a remarkable manner the peculiar characteristics of the people of that country, namely, their industry, patience, and devotion to the pursuit in which they are engaged. No German thinks of entering upon any walk of life without preparing himself for it by *long* and *thorough* study; nor can any one hope for success in his business, whether he be merchant or farmer, preacher or lawyer, carpenter or blacksmith, who does not through life persevere in his studies, and constantly add to his stores of knowledge. The list before us comprises six hundred and thirty-six publications, which may be classed under the following heads:

General Literature and Belles Let-

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|--------------------------------|-----|
| tres, | 148 |
| Theology, Protestant | 81 |
| Theology, Catholic | 30 |
| Theology, Jewish | 8 |
| Philosophy | 3 |
| Jurisprudence | 31 |
| Medicine | 41 |
| Chemistry | 14 |
| Physical Sciences | 5 |
| Philology | 5 |
| Oriental Languages | 2 |
| Geography | 6 |
| History | 25 |
| Military Science | 8 |
| Political Economy | 13 |
| Education | 42 |
| Bibliography | 4 |
| Fine Arts | 10 |
| Music | 12 |
| Natural History | 10 |
| Theatre | 2 |
| Chess | 2 |
| Gymnastics | 3 |
| Temperance | 3 |
| Commerce and Trades | 68 |
| Agriculture | 41 |
| Gardening | 9 |
| Woodcraft | 6 |
| Farriery | 3 |
| Cookery | 1 |

It is interesting to observe that among the various trades, there is scarcely one, however unimportant it may appear, which is not represented in this list. Not only have carriage builders and upholsterers their separate publications, but locksmiths and bell hangers, confectioners and gingerbread bakers have each their separate organs, supported by themselves and devoted to their interests. No less than six of them are appropriated to bookbinders; one of which bears the significant title *Ideen-magazin für Buchbinder*, "magazine of ideas for bookbinders."

These publications are frequently embellished by appropriate illustrations, and vary in price, from \$1,50 to \$12,00.

THE MENAI BRIDGE.

The enormous bridge which is in course of erection across the Menai Strait has been thus described by a correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner*:—"If we suppose ourselves stationed in a boat in the middle of the Menai Strait, a few hundred yards distant from the new bridge on the south side, and suppose it finished, we shall see a wonder of the world of this kind: first, there is the middle pier rising out of the water founded on the Britannia rock, after which the bridge is named. This rock can be seen at low water. The breadth of this pier is 62 feet by 53 feet and a quarter of an inch. The blocks of stone are seven and eight feet long, by three and four feet in breadth and deepness, and they rise, stone upon stone, until the pier is 230 feet high. At the distance of 460 feet on each side of this centre pier there rise, near the water's edge, two other piers of the same gigantic breadth and height; while on each side of these two piers, at the distance of 250 feet there rise two walls. Continuing outwards, the wall on our right hand, on the Carnarvon shore, does not extend its ponderous bulk far back; for the land is high and bold, and the railway comes along its elevated brow and at once lays hold of the bridge. But on our left hand, which is the Anglesea shore, the wall is the forehead and end of a mighty embankment, on which the railway is raised to the level of the bridge. There, then, are the four spaces before us, across which, in the iron tubes, the railway is laid; namely, two spaces on each side of the centre pier of 460 feet each—(let the reader measure 460 feet on a street or on a road, and he will wonder at the vastness of this structure); and two more spaces of 250 feet respectively, at each end. The tubes are eight in number; each of them 30 feet on the exterior side, and 27 feet

high in the interior. Each is 14 feet wide, and they are laid in couples parallel to each other. In the whole, with the breadth of the piers and the landward buildings, the length of the bridge is one third of a mile. In height the three piers are, as already said, 230 feet. Measuring from low-water mark to the bottom of the tubes, the height is 130 feet, the tubes being 30 feet on the side, and the pier 70 feet above their upper surface. As ornaments to the two walls which rise upon each shore, are four lions, two at each end of the bridge. The lions contain about 8,000 cubic feet of stone. They lie couched; and yet, the height of each is 12 feet; the greatest breadth across the body is 9 feet; the length 25 feet; the breadth of each paw 2 feet four inches. The tubes are made of plates of iron of various thicknesses, rivetted together. The iron increases in thickness as we proceed towards the centre. The roofs of the tubes are formed of cells, and also the floors. These cells are formed of iron plates set on edge, the cells of the roof being within a fraction of one foot nine inches square, and those of the floor being one foot nine inches wide, and two feet three inches deep. The rails on which the trains run are laid on these cells of the floor. The flat bottom, the two upright sides, and the flat roof of each tube are formed of plates the thinnest of which is a quarter of an inch, and the thickest three quarters of an inch. The weight of each of the four long tubes will be about 1,300 tons; the weight of each of the four short ones about 600 tons. In the whole there will be at least 7,600 tons of iron used. The masonry will cost 200,000*l*. They expect to finish the masonry by August, 1848. It will contain one million and a half of cubic feet of stone."

There are few more significant European facts than the daily growth and multiplication of newspapers in the field of old and jealous prohibition. Rome and Tuscany, surrendered to the cultivation of popular knowledge, present a very striking expression of the new phase into which the world has been steadily passing under the long administration of Peace.—We have now before us the prospectus of a new paper, to appear, in French, on the 15th inst. at Leghorn, under the title of '*Le Courrier de l'Italie*;' whose editors say:—"Fully confiding in the spirit as well as text of the law of the 6th May, 1847, on the press in Tuscany, we have undertaken the publication of a Political, Commercial, Scientific, Literary and Artistic Journal—destined to make the foreigner correctly acquainted with the political, commercial, scientific, literary and artistic movement not of Tuscany only but of the whole of Italy."

SMELTING BY ELECTRICITY.

The lately patented process of smelting copper by means of electricity, says a London journal, is likely to effect a change that will be quite prodigious. It produces, in less than two days, what the old process required three weeks to effect. And the saving of fuel is so vast, that in Swansea alone, the smelters estimate their annual saving in coals at no less than five hundred thousand pounds. Hence it is clear that the price of copper must be so enormously reduced, as to bring it into use for a variety of purposes from which its cost at present excludes it. The facility and cheapness of the process, too, will enable the ore to be largely smelted on the spot. The Cornish mine proprietors are anxiously expecting the moment when they can bring the ore which lay in the mine yesterday into a state to be sent to market to-morrow, and this at the very mouth of the mine. In Australia, also, the operation of this discovery will be of the utmost importance. Ten thousand tons of copper-ore were sent from Australia to England last year to be smelted at Swansea; and the result was only 1600 tons of copper. But Australia in future will smelt her own copper, by a 36 hours' process: saving all this useless freight of the 8400 tons of refuse, and saving also the cost of the old and expensive process. In a very few years, Australia will send to market more copper than is now produced by all the rest of the world. But if our future penny-pieces are to bear any proportion to the reduced cost of the value of the metal, they must be made of the size of dinner-plates.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

VANITY FAIR. PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY. By W. M. Thackeray. Nos. 1 to 7.

Good John Bunyan (no ancestor, we take leave to observe, of the severe Poetess who figured at Mrs. Perkins's Ball!) has recorded the fate of *Faithful* the First, who stood up in Vanity Fair to warn the buyers and sellers — the gamblers and the proprietors of the merry-go-rounds — of the error of their ways. Mr. Thackeray need apprehend no martyrdom as the consequence of this second essay. Criticism, we are inclined to trust, never "*did to death*" a true man: wielding, when most unjust, but a transient power over gag and thumb-screw — and leaving the mouth of Patience and Courage free to open, and the hand of Ingenuity ready to devise, after its petty malice has been wreaked for a while and its force to torment exhausted. But the worst tempered or worst principled of

critics, however savagely disposed, *could* but administer a tender tickling of the rod to a writer so good-humored as this new Preacher; who strolls from booth to booth, handling the fools' caps and bells with so much easy indifference and such a quaint sardonic smile of his own, that we are never altogether secure that at some moment Nature will not prove too strong for Grace; — and that donning motley himself, he will not be seen "throwing a summerset" among the best of the Harlequins!

Nevertheless, we are in truth bound to observe that these are rather 'Pen and Pencil Sketches' of "mean persons" than of "English society." Mr. Thackeray announces his novel "as without a hero," — and therefore a somewhat selfish Osborne and a dull simple Dobbin, and a fool called Captain Crawley, are perhaps men as worshipful as we had any right to expect. But in the chapter of Womankind, where — to speak sentimentally — we are used to seek our repose and solace, he has been somewhat too niggardly. Sweet Amelia Osborne is, at best, but a secondary figure; — the power of the tale lying in the nature and performances of Becky Sharp. As a piece of character we rate this lady very highly. She was old while yet a child — is shrewd as her name; and still able to mask her shrewdness under an aspect of heart and good nature — *not* poor, because endowed with that intense thirst for luxury, advancement, and influence, which bespeaks imagination no less than ambition, and provides for its own relief — never weary — never pre-occupied — never making enemies — not knowing or desiring a friend, though perpetually picking up *tools* of all sorts and sizes. It was probably Mr. Thackeray's design to exhibit the sins of Society in such a creature as their inevitable result — a being with many pleasant qualities, yet not a fibre of sensibility left nor a scrap of conscience. Repulsive, therefore, though she is, and to be feared (for we see that mischief without end is to be brought about by her turnings and windings), we feel a sort of pity for a trader "so young and so untender" — a strange trouble while we contemplate Humanity without a heart: — and thus have a double right to complain that such a central figure is so set round with sensuality, gluttony, hypocrisy and pretence. Should 'Vanity Fair' fail to take a fast and permanent hold of the public, it will be the fault of the preference on the author's part for the unpleasing (a thing totally distinct from Cynicism or the apotheosis of Deformity), and not because he fails in force of portraiture and in probability of dialogue, or in truth to the by-way and back-stairs and kennel life of this Valley of Tears.

We are spared by the above remarks from

George to the *depôt* of his regiment, before the boy embarked for Canada, he gave the officers such a dinner as the Duke of York might have sat down to. Had he ever refused a bill when George drew one? There they were—paid without a word. Many a general in the army couldn't ride the horses he had! He had the child before his eyes, on a hundred different days when he remembered George—after dinner, when he used to come in as bold as a lord, and drink off his glass by his father's side, at the head of the table—on the pony at Brighton, when he cleared the hedge and kept up with the huntsmen—on the day when he was presented to the Prince Regent at the levee, when all Saint James's could n't produce a finer young fellow. And this, this was the end of all!—to marry a bankrupt and fly in the face of duty and fortune! What humiliation and fury: what pangs of sickening rage, balked ambition and love; what wounds of outraged vanity, tenderness even, had this old worldling now to suffer under! Having examined these papers, and pondered over this one and the other, in that bitterest of all helpless woe, with which miserable men think of happy past times—George's father took the whole of the documents out of the drawer in which he had kept them so long, and locked them into a writing-box, which he tied and sealed with his seal. Then he opened the book-case, and took down the great red Bible we have spoken of—a pompous book, seldom looked at, and shining all over with gold. There was a frontispiece to the volume, representing Abraham sacrificing Isaac. Here, according to custom, Osborne had recorded on the fly-leaf, and in his large clerk-like hand, the dates of his marriage and his wife's death, and the births and christian names of his children. Jane came first, then George Sedley Osborne, then Maria Frances, and the days of the christening of each. Taking a pen, he carefully obliterated George's names from the page; and when the leaf was quite dry, restored the volume to the place from which he had moved it. Then he took a document out of another drawer, where his own private papers were kept; and having read it, crumpled it up and lighted it at one of the candles, and saw it burn entirely away in the grate. It was his will; which being burned, he sat down and wrote off a letter, and rang for his servant, whom he charged to deliver it in the morning. It was morning already; as he went up to bed, the whole house was alight with the sunshine; and the birds were singing among the fresh green leaves in Russel Square."

The critic would be justified in being stringent, if not severe, with a novelist who could write the foregoing passage yet fail to produce a complete work of high order. For ourselves, we shall but content our consciences with warning Mr. Thackeray to beware of banter; and to recollect that a gallery filled with Dutch studies by Maas and Brouwer and Jan Steen and Ostade, makes but a monotonous show—one

master doing injury to another by the force of family likeness. This said, we wait with more than ordinary curiosity for the "reckoning" of "Vanity Fair."

AN ESSAY ON THE ANCIENT TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM; with restored Plans of the Temple, &c., and Plans, Sections, and Details of the Church built by Constantine the Great over the Holy Sepulchre, now known as the Mosque of Omar, and other Illustrations. By James Fergusson, F.R.A.S., Author of the "Illustrations of Rock-cut Temples of India," &c.

One object of this handsomely printed and illustrated folio is to show that the present church of the Holy Sepulchre is not erected over the true site of the crucifixion and burial-place of Christ. In this view Mr. Fergusson will find many to agree with him, even of the devotees who attribute great importance to holy places, although exercising their reason upon questions of identity. Another object of the *Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem* is to maintain that the mosque of Omar is the building really erected by Constantine over the true site; the substitution of the present church of the Holy Sepulchre having taken place in the eleventh century, during a time of Mahometan persecution and anarchy. The gist of a view is easily stated; the arguments by which it is supported are another affair, especially when they involve an investigation into the topography of Jerusalem, after the accounts both of Josephus and the Scriptures, a minute examination of architectural remains, and disquisitions about their respective styles, as well as an enumeration of the earlier writers upon the subject. All these matters are fully discussed by Mr. Fergusson, and perhaps with a little more digression into other topics than is needful: he illustrates his views by drawings from Mr. Catherwood's collection and plans.

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the necessity of following the fortunes of the clever woman to which the tale is mainly devoted: but we must not refrain from warranting our praise of Mr. Thackeray as powerful without effort, by giving an episodic scene. When an Osborne whose sire is purse-proud chooses to be seduced by his better nature into running off with an Amelia whose parent is on the brink of ruin—be the Osborne ever so fine a family-hope and the Amelia as sweet a Flower as was ever withered or trodden down in *Vanity Fair*, there is but one thing to be done: as follows—

"Behind Mr. Osborne's dining-room was the usual apartment which went in his house by the name of the study; and was sacred to the master of the house. Hither Mr. Osborne would retire of a Sunday forenoon when not minded to go to church; and here pass the morning in his crimson leather chair, reading the paper. A couple of glazed book-cases were here, containing standard works in stout gilt bindings. The 'Annual Register,' the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 'Blair's Sermons,' and 'Hume and Smollet.' From year's end to year's end he never took one of these volumes from the shelf; but there was no member of the family that would dare for his life to touch one of the books, except upon those rare Sunday evenings when there was no dinner party, and when the great scarlet Bible and Prayer-book were taken out from the corner where they stood beside his copy of the Peerage, and the servants being run up to the dining parlor, Osborne read the evening service to his family in a loud grating pompous voice. No member of the household, child or domestic, ever entered that room without a certain terror. Here he checked the housekeeper's accounts, and overhauled the butler's cellar-book. Hence he could command, across the clean gravel courtyard, the back entrance of the stables with which one of his bells communicated, and into this yard the coachman issued from his premises as into a dock, and Osborne swore at him from the study window. Four times a year Miss Wirt entered this apartment to get her salary; and his daughters to receive their quarterly allowance. George as a boy had been horsewhipped in this room many times; his mother sitting sick on the stairs listening to the cuts of the whip. The boy was scarcely ever known to cry under the punishment; the poor woman used to fondle and kiss him secretly, and give him money to soothe him when he came out. There was a picture of the family over the mantel-piece, removed thither from the front room after Mrs. Osborne's death—George was on a pony, the elder sister holding him up a bunch of flowers; the younger led by her mother's hand; all with red cheeks and large red mouths, simpering upon each other in the approved family-portrait manner. The mother lay under ground now, long since forgotten—the sisters and brother had a hundred different interests of their own, and, familiar still, were utterly estranged from each other. Some few scores of years afterwards, when all the par-

ties represented are grown old, what bitter satire there is in those flaunting childish family-portraits, with their farce of sentiment and smiling lies, and innocence so self-conscious and self-satisfied. Osborne's own stately portrait, with that of his great silver inkstand and arm-chair, had taken the place of honor in the dining-room, vacated by the family-piece. To this study old Osborne retired then, greatly to the relief of the small party whom he left. When the servants had withdrawn, they began to talk for a while volubly but very low; then they went up stairs quietly, Mr. Bullock accompanying them stealthily on his creaking shoes. He had no heart to sit alone drinking wine, and so close to the terrible old gentleman in the study hard at hand. An hour at least after dark, the butler, not having received any summons, ventured to tap at his door and take him in wax candles and tea. The master of the house sate in his chair, pretending to read the paper, and when the servant, placing the lights and refreshment on the table by him, retired, Mr. Osborne got up and locked the door after him. This time there was no mistaking the matter; all the household knew that some great catastrophe was going to happen which was likely direly to affect Master George. In the large shining mahogany escrutoire Mr. Osborne had a drawer especially devoted to his son's affairs, and papers. Here he kept all the documents relating to him ever since he had been a boy: here were his prize copy-books and drawing-books, all bearing George's hand, and that of the master: here were his first letters in large round hand sending his love to papa and mama, and conveying his petitions for a cake. His dear godpapa Sedley was more than once mentioned in them. Curses quivered on old Osborne's livid lips, and horrid hatred and disappointment writhed in his heart, as looking through some of these papers he came on that name. They were all marked and docketed, and tied with red tape. It was—'From Georgy, requesting 5s., April 23, 18—; answered, April 25,'—or 'Georgy about a pony, October 13,'—and so forth. In another packet were 'Dr. S's accounts'—'G.'s tailor's bills and outfit, drafts on me by G. Osborne, jun.' &c.,—his letters from the West Indies—his agent's letters, and the newspapers containing his commission; here was a whip he had when a boy, and in a paper a locket containing his hair, which his mother used to wear. Turning one over after another, and musing over these memorials, the unhappy man passed many hours. His dearest vanities, ambitions, hopes, all had been here. What pride he had in his boy! He was the handsomest child ever seen. Everybody said he was like a nobleman's son. A royal princess had remarked him, and kissed him, and asked his name in Kew Gardens. What city man could show such another? Could a prince have been better cared for? Any thing that money could buy had been his son's. He used to go down on speech-days with four horses and new liveries, and scatter new shillings among the boys at the school where George was; when he went with

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